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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

Ah me, how wild the north wind blows!
The driving snow how white it flows!
The cheerless night, how drear it grows!
I wonder where my husband lies!
Now rides he on the briny wave—
Or does he to some rocky shore—
Or has the mermaid spread her grave
Down where the lightless billows roar?

The years such terms o'er me bring,
I dare not close my eyes again;
For if I sleep, my thoughts will wing
Their way unto the angry main—
And frightful rocks, and wrecks, and men,
With livid lips I'll then behold—
And every yawning wave will then
Now inform to my view unfold!

My child, sleep on—thou dost not know
The risk the father dares for thee:
That little cheek would lose its glow,
Couldst thy soft eyes his danger see!
But thou wilt be a seaman too—
Thy lot will hunt a seaman's grave;
And thou wilt love the billows blue,
And learn to laugh where tempests rave.

But hark! the winds have fallen now—
Their howl is changed to whispers low;
The heat of terror leaves my brow—
Sleep, heavy sleep, comes on me now:
Where'er my husband's barque doth ride—
In stormy bay—on ocean's breast—
Kind visions ever there abide,
And peace, be that his constant guest.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EPHRATA;

Together with a concise account of the Seventh Day Baptist Society of Pennsylvania.

By WILLIAM M. FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

Ephrata is one of the earliest settlements of the interior of this state, and is the first Protestant Monastery established in America. Its history is interesting on account of the peculiarity of the Institution, and the associations connected with it. It is situated in Cocalico township, Lancaster county, at the intersection of the Reading road with the Downingstown and Harrisburg turnpike, sixty miles N. W. of Philadelphia, thirteen N. E. from Lancaster, and thirty-eight from Harrisburg. This name is now applied to the neighborhood of *Ephrata proper*, for the distance of a mile along the turnpike, making Cocalico creek the centre. Thus considered, it contains about twenty dwellings, several stores, two taverns, and a paper mill. *New Ephrata* is a smaller village about a mile further west, on the turnpike.

Ephrata, *proper*, is an irregular *enclosed* village, lying in a triangle formed by the turnpike, the upper, or old Reading road, and the Cocalico creek, and belongs entirely to Seventh Day Baptist Society. It contains a Monastery and several other buildings for the accommodation of the Society; to which is attached and belonging to the same, about one hundred and forty acres of land, and a grist mill and saw mill. The post office which bears this name, is an half mile from the original village. Ephrata, in former times, was known letter among the German population, by the name of *Kloster* (Cloister) or Dunkerstown—a nickname, from the word Dunker or Tunker, corruptions of *Taufer*, Baptist. The Society of Ephrata, however, are a distinct sect from the denomination that now bears the name of *Dunkers*, with whom they have always been confounded. Originally they descended from that division of Christians. About the year 1694, a controversy arose in the protestant churches of Germany and Holland, in which vigorous attempts were made to reform some of the errors of the church, and with the design of promoting a more practical, vital religion. This party, at the head of which was the pious SPENER, ecclesiastical superintendent of the Court of Saxony, was opposed, violently, and after having browned upon them, to ridicule, the epithet of *Pietists*, they were suppressed in their public administrations and lectures, by the Consistory of Wittemberg. Notwithstanding they were prohibited from promulgating, publicly, their views and principles, it led to inquiry among the people. This state of things continuing, many learned men of the different universities left Europe, and emigrated to America, whilst others remained and persevered in the prosecution of the work they had commenced with so much diligence. In the year 1708, ALEXANDER MACK, of Schriesheim, and seven others in Schwidzenau, Germany, met together, regularly, to examine, carefully and impartially, the doctrines of the New Testament, and to ascertain, what are the obligations it imposes on professing Christians; determining to lay aside all preconceived opinions and traditional observances. The result of their inquiries terminated in the formation of the society now called the Dunkers, or First Day German Baptists. Meeting with much persecution as they grew into some importance, and which was had independence enough to differ from the popular church, some were driven into Holland, some to Crefeld in the Duchy of Cleves, and the mother church voluntary removed to Serustervn, in Friesland; and from thence emigrated to America in 1719, and dispersed to different parts—to Germantown, Skippack, Oley, Conestoga, and *elsewhere*. They formed a church at *Germantown* in 1723, under the charge of PETER BECKER. The church grew rapidly in this country, receiving members from the Banks of the Wissahickon and from Lancaster county; and soon after a church was established at *Mechanick*, (Mill creek) in this county. Of this community was one CONRAD BEISSEL, a native of Germany. He had been a Presbyterian, and fled from the persecutions of that period. *Wholly intent upon seeking out the true obligations of the word of God, and the proper observance of the rites and ceremonies it imposes, stripped of human authority, he conceived that there was an error among the Dunkers, in the observance of the day for the Sabbath—that the Seventh day was the command of the LORD GOD, and that that day being established and sanctified, by the* GREAT JEHOVAH, *forever!* and no change, nor authority for change ever having been announced to man, by any power sufficient to set aside the solemn decree of the ALMIGHTY —a decree which he declared that he had *sanctified forever!*—he felt it to be his duty to contend for the observance of that day. About the year 1725, he published a tract entering into a discussion of this point, which created some excitement and disturbance in the Society of Mill Creek; *upon which he retired from the settlement, and went, secretly, to a cell on the banks of the Cocalico, which had previously been occupied* by one ELIJERLICH, an hermit. His place of retirement was unknown for a long time to the people he had left, and when discovered, many of the society at Mill Creek, who had become convinced of the truth of his proposition for the observance of the Sabbath, settled around him, in solitary cottages. They adopted the original Sabbath—the *Seventh Day*—for public worship, in the year 1728; which has ever since been observed by their descendants, even unto the present day.

In the year 1732, the solitary life was changed into a conventicle one, and a Monastic Society was established as soon as the first buildings erected for that purpose were finished—May 1733. The habit of the Capuchins, or White Friars, was adopted by both the brethren and sisters; which consisted of a shirt, trowsers and vest, with a long white gown and cowl, of woolen web in winter, and linen in summer. That of the sisters differed only in the substitution of petticoats for trowsers, and some little peculiarity in the shape of the cowl. Monastic names were given to all who entered the cloister. OBADIAH (Israel Eckelin) was constituted *Prior*, who was succeeded by JEREZ, (Peter Miller;) and the whole of *Father*—a ritual father—was bestowed *by the Society*, upon BEISSEL, whose monastic name was FAITHFUL; to which the brethren of *Jerusalem* added, GOTTERERT—implying together, *Peaceable Godright*. In the year 1743, there were thirty-six single brethren in the cloister, and thirty-five sisters; and at one time, the society, including the members living in the neighbourhood, numbered nearly three hundred.

The first buildings of the Society, of any consequence, were *Kedar* and *Zion*—a meeting house and convent; which were erected on the hill called Mount Zion. They afterwards built larger accomodations, in the meadow below, comprising a Sister's House called *Saron*, to which is attached a large *Chapel*, and "*Saal*," for the purpose of holding the *Agapin* or *Love Feasts*. A Brother's House, called *Bethania*, with which is connected the large *meeting room* with gallaries, in which the whole Society assembled, for public worship, in the days of their prosperity, and which are still standing, surrounded by similar buildings, which were occupied as printing office, bake house, school house, almonry, and where for different purposes; on one of which, a one story house, the town clerk is erected.

The buildings are singular, and of very ancient architecture—all the out side walls being covered with shingles. The two houses for the brethren and sisters, are very large, being three and four stories high: each has a *chapel* for their night meetings, and the main buildings are divided into small apartments, (each containing between fifty and sixty,) so that an old cottage, which are barely large enough to contain a cot, (in only days a bench and billet of wood for the head,) a closet and an hour-glass surround a common room, to which each sub-division pointed their respective avocations. On entering these silent cells and traversing the long narrow passages, visiters can scarcely divest themselves of the feeling of walking the tortuous windings of some old castle, and breathing in the hidden recesses of romance. The ceilings have an elevation of but seven feet; the passages leading to the cells, or "*Kammers*," as they are styled, and through the different parts of both convents, are barely wide enough to admit one person, for when meeting a second, one has always to retreat; the doors of the *Kammers* are but *five feet* high, and twenty inches wide, and the window, for each has but one, is only sixteen by twenty-four inches; the largest windows admitting light to the meeting rooms, are but thirty by thirty-four inches. The walls of all the rooms, including the meeting room, the chapels, the *saals*, and even the *kammers*, or dormitories, are hung and nearly covered, with large *sheets of elegant* penmanship, or ink-paintings,—*many of which are texts from the scriptures, done in very handsome manner, in ornamented gothic letters, called in the German Fractur-schriften.* They are done on *large* sheets of paper manufactured for the purpose at their own mill, some of which are put into frames, and which adorn both the cloister, as well as the casual visiter, which ever way they may turn the head. There are also one very curious one or two of which still remain in the chapel attached to *Saron*. One represents the narrow and crooked way, done on a sheet of about three feet square, which it would be difficult to describe—it is very curious and ingenious; the whole of the road is filled up with texts of Scripture, advertising the doctrine of their duties, and the obligations their profession imposes upon them. Another represents the three heavens. In the first, CHRIST, the Shepherd, is represented gathering his flock together; in the second, which occupies the foot in height, and is three feet wide, three hundred figures, in the *Cherubim dress*, can be counted; with harps in their hands, and the heads of the innumerable host; and in the third is seen the throne surrounded by twelve hundred arch angels. *Many of these Fractur schriften* open with their own enthusiastic sentiments on the subject of *celibacy*, and the virtue of a recluse life, whilst others are devotional pieces. The following are taken from two found in the chapel of the Sister's convent. I can copy the sentiment but cannot convey an idea of their style—

Da Ich ist unser Kron und heller Tugend Spiegel,
Die Weisheit uns e Lust, und prince Gutten Spiel;
Das Lamm ist unser Schutz dem wir uns sowerlassen,
Und folgen seinem Gang als reinste Jungfrauen.

Cuere Kronen die wir tragen hir in dieser Sterblichkeit,
Werden uns in Truebsals-tagen durch vil Leiden zubereit,
Da muss unsre Hoffnung blachsa und der Glaub wachsen auf,
Wann sich Welt und Fleisch bemuehen uns zu schwaechen in dem Lauf,
O wol dan! wol wir gezahlet zu der reinen Lsemmer Heerd
Die dem knuechen Lam vermaehlet, und arkeuffet von der Erd,
Bleibet schon allhie vorbergen, unser Ehren Schmuck.
Und Kron,
Wird uns doch an jenen Morgen kroenen, Jesus, Gottes Sohn.

In the rooms which any sister has occupied, and is departed, a piece, which is framed in imitation of a tablet, is put up, expressive of the character and virtues of the deceased, or some feeling memorial of love is inscribed. The following is one I found in the Kammer, which had been occupied by ZENOBIA; a very beautiful, lovely, and devout sister:—

ZENOBIA:

Wird Gutten und Gedeyen, ihre Arbeit ward nicht vergeblich, nach auch ihre Hoffnung verlohren seyn, ihr Erbe bluehen unten unter den Heiligen.

A room was set apart for such purposes, called the *writing room*, and several sisters devoted their whole attention to this labour, as well as to transcribing the writings of the Founder of the Society; thus multiplying copies for the wants of the community, before they had a printing press. Two sisters named ANASTASIA, and IRENEUSA, were the principal ornamental writers. They left a large folio volume of *sample alphabets*, of various sizes and style; which are both elegant and curious, exhibiting the most patient application. The letters of the first alphabet are twelve inches long, surrounded by deep border, in imitation of copper plate engraving; each one of which is different in the filling up. It was finished in the year 1750 and is still preserved in the hands of the trustees. There was another transcribing room appropriated exclusively to copying music—hundreds of volumes, each containing five or six hundred pieces, were *transferred* from book to book with so much accuracy, and almost as much neatness as if done with a graver.

It was in contemplation, at one time, by the ECKERLINS, three brothers, one of whom was *Prior*, and had the superintendence of the secular concerns, to make it a place of more importance than a mere religious refuge. They were from Germany, and had been brought up Catholics. They conceived a project of erecting extensive buildings, and connecting trade with it; and had some preparations under way—the timber all hewn, as all the buildings are of wood, even the chimneys which remain in use at this day,—and in readiness to erect a *tower*, and had sent to Europe, where they had extensive connections, and got a chime of bells cast, unknown to the Society, until they arrived at Philadelphia, and the bill for payment was furnished to them. The Society resolved not to receive them, but had them sold and paid the loss. One of these bells having upon it, EPHRATA—ISRAEL. ECKERLIN, PRIOR, was purchased, and is now on one of the churches in Lancaster. This transaction led to the discovery of a conspiracy of the ECKERLINS to possess themselves of the title of the property, which was

(Concluded on the 4th page.)

which terminated in his expulsion (Israel) from the office of Prior. They afterwards removed to Virginia, where they obtained some reputation in connection with the Indian affairs. The Society was wedded to Apostolic simplicity,—they deemed no tower—no bells. They refused to have a bell to call them to meeting, even the midnight meeting, which was regularly held at twelve o'clock. FAITHFUL contended, that the spirit of devotion ought to be sufficient to make them punctual to the hour, which generally proved to be adequate.

The community was a republic, in which all stood in perfect equality and freedom. No monastic vows were taken, neither had they any written covenant, as is common in the Bajant churches. The New Testament was their confession of faith, their code of laws, and their church discipline. The property which belonged to the Society, by donation, and the labor of the single brethren and sisters, was common stock, but none were obliged to throw in their own property or give up any of their possessions. The Society was supported by the income of the farm, grist mill, paper mill, oil mill, fulling mill, and the labour of the brethren and sisters in the cloister.

This society has been much misrepresented by writers who know but little of them, and *mostly drew on* their imaginations and the libels of the persecutors of the Society, for the principles of this people. In a short notice of Ephrata in GORDON'S *Gazetteer of Pennsylvania, drawn from an account published by one not very friendly to the Society, in the Transactions of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, several errors were inadvertently and unconsciously, promulgated by the respected author. The good and devout Founder is represented as a crafty, designing sooper of ecclesiastical authority, and as assuming titles, honors, and power. This is the place to enter into a full refutation of these charges, which are without foundation, and could only have originated from gross ignorance, or shameful wickedness. BEISSEL, who had been educated in the Calvinistic faith, left Europe that he might enjoy freedom of opinion in America; he withdrew from the Society of Dunkers at Mill creek, because his views on the Sabbath produced some dissension, and after he was drawn from his seclusion, *by love* for those who came and settled around him, and entrusted his ministry, he devoted his whole life and property to advance the welfare of the Society; giving the management of the secular affairs entirely into the hands of others, while he gave his attention wholly to instructing them in the Word of Life, and establishing the Gospel in its truth and simplicity. The title of "FATHER," and "GOTTERERT," were conferred upon him by his brethren, and was not a presumptuous assumption of BEISSEL. The principles are equally misrepresented in that as well as in most other English accounts of the society. In BECK'S *Theological Dictionary*, we are told that "the principal tenets appear to be three: that future happiness is only attained by penance and outward mortification in this life; and that as JESUS CHRIST, by his meritorious sufferings became the Redeemer of mankind *in general*, so each individual of the human race by a life of abstinence and restraint, may work out his own salvation. Nay, they go so far as to admit of works of supererogation, and declare that a man may do one's more than he is in justice or equity obliged to do, and that his superabundant works may therefore be applied to the salvation of others;" and a great many other things equally ridiculous and unfounded. The account in that book is a tissue of misrepresentation, unworthy a place in a work of that character.

The principles of the Seventh Day Baptist society of Ephrata, which no writer that we have encountered, seems to understand, though they have been published in the German language, with full explanations and commentaries, seventy or eighty years ago, may be summed up in a few words, viz:

1. They receive the Bible as the only rule of Faith, covenant, and code of laws for church government.—They do not admit the least license with the letter and spirit of the scriptures, and especially the New Testament,—do not allow one jot or tittle to be added or rejected in the administration of the ordinances, but practice them precisely as they are instituted and made an example by JESUS CHRIST in his word.

2. They believe in the Divinity of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and the trinity of the Godhead; having unfolded this doctrine in the first page of a hymn book which they had printed for the Society as early as 1730, viz: "*There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and Holy Ghost: and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth, the spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one.*"

3. They believe that salvation and Grace, and not of works; and they rely solely on the merits and atonement of Christ. They believe, also, that atonement is sufficient for every creature—that CHRIST died for all who will call upon his name, and offer him to meet his mercy-seat; and that all who come unto CHRIST are heirs of the Father.

4. They contended for the observance of the original Sabbath, believing that it requires an authority equal to the Great Institutor, to change any of his decrees. They maintain that as he *blessed* and *sanctified* that day *forever*, which has never been abrogated, and now, save that as remaining in the Convent, he beside each other in the beautiful cemetery in the fore ground of the village.

These single things would not be considered worthy of any notice but from fresh currency which has been given to them by a late popular work, which is extensively circulated throughout the state. We conclude *our* notice of the gratuitous aspersions, by a few words in reply to the charge of their denying the doctrine of original sin, and the eternity of punishment. They do not hold that ADAM'S fall runs indiscriminately all born souls, for many a one and the without sinning; but they admit and, that in the fall of ADAM all disposition to good holiness was lost, and that the whole race inherited intense depravity, which will lead them to and prove their sure condemnation, unless they regain are born again of the Holy Spirit. BEISSEL, in a book on this subject, which is as curious as it is genious. He enters into long disquisitions on the nature of ADAM and his capabilities, before the explaining many things of the fall, and with it the long several parts of the scriptures, which have, undid easily escape the attention of men of less profound genius. His views are somewhat mysterious, yet and ingenious, but in the present day would be old little more than refined speculations subsisted visions. But none go to deny the depravity of the human heart, and the end consequences which the fall of ADAM has entailed on every succeeding generation—each creature be regenerated and born again with the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. They do not believe in universal salvation in the acceptation of that term—they teach the sure reward of salvation and obedience to the requisition of LORD, though the mercy of GOD in CHRIST JESUS believe fully in the punishment of transgression—he assures of *sin is death*—death to the joys of life, and an exclusion from the presence of the LORD—*into utter darkness, where there is weeping gnashing and gnashing of teeth—where the fire is not quenched—where the worm never dieth.* The idea a universal restoration, did exist among some the early days, and it is to be attributed to attempts to explain the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Thessalonians, and the twentieth chapter of the Revelation, and reconciling some other parts of the Scripture. It, however, is never taught as a doctrine, but always denounced with the greatest caution and debar by their pastor in private conversations with those who desire to be instructed upon this subject—and who invariably admonishes them to be diligent in making their calling and election sure—(to be prepared for the first resurrection and not to depend on a second.

Though they considered connection with arms and at law unchristian and unbecoming professors, yet they were decided whigs in the Revolution, and have, unfortunately, had to defend themselves too frequently in courts of justice. To set an example of forbearance and Christian meekness they suffered a long time to be wronged and plundered until forbearance was no longer a virtue. In the French war the war of 1756) the doors of the Cloister, including a chapel, meeting room, and every other building are opened as a refuge for the inhabitants of Tulpehaken and Paxton settlements, then the frontiers, to the incursions of the hostile Indians all of whom we received and kept by the society during the peril of alarm and danger. Upon hearing of which a company of infantry was despatched by the Royal government from Philadelphia to protect Ephrata; and a representation of the character of the society, by a commissioners who were sent to visit the place the government made them a present of a pair of very large brass communion goblets, which was the only resources they would receive. At an earlier period the attracted the attention of the Penn family, and on a the young ladies, in England, commenced a correspondence with the society. Governor Penn visited them frequently and desirous of giving them a solid evidence of his regard, had a tract of *five thousand acres* of land surrounding Ephrata surveyed and conveyed to them, as the Seventh Day Baptist Manor; he they refused to accept it—believing that large possessions were calculated to engender strife, and it is not becoming christian pilgrims and sojourners not to be absorbed in the gains of this world and the accumulation of property. After the battle of Brandywine the wole establishment was opened to receive the wounde Americans, great numbers of whom were brought here in wagons, a distance of more than forty miles; and one hundred and fifty of whom died, and are buried on Mount Zion. Their doors were ever open to the weary traveller, and all visitors were cordially received and entertained, while they tarried, as is done in the *Hospices* of Europe. All supplies were given to the needy, even their own beds, and to stripping their own backs to afford some shelter from the "pelings of the pitiless storm," to those who were exposed to the weather in inclement seasons.

Many of the brethren being men of education, they established, at a very early period, a school, which soon gained for itself an honourable reputation, many young men from Philadelphia and Baltimore being sent here to be educated. *A Sabbath School* was also instituted for religious instruction, which flourished many years, and was attended with some remarkable consequences. It produced an anxious inquiry among the juvenile population, who attended the school, "such increased and grew into what is now termed a revival *of religion*. The scholars of the Sabbath school—(Concluded on the 4th page.)

The excitement run into excess, and betrayed zeal not according to knowledge; which induced FAITHFUL to discourage an enterprise, which *he had* been commenced, and was partly under way, namely, to erect a house for their especial use, to be called *Sharoth*. LEONARD HOECKER, or Brother Obed as he was designated, who was the teacher of the common school, projected the plan of holding a school in the afternoons of the Sabbath, and who in connection with some of the other brethren commenced it, to give instruction to the indigent children who were kept from regular school by employments which their necessities obliged them to be engaged at during the week, as well as to give religious instruction to those of better circumstances.—It is not known in what year, exactly, that the Sabbath school was commenced. HOECKER came to Ephrata in the year 1739, and it is presumed that he began soon after he took up his residence amongst them.—The materials for the building were furnished, as is recorded in the minutes of the Society, in the year 1749. After the battle of Brandywine, the Sabbath School room, with others, was given up for a hospital, which was occupied as such sometime; and the school was never afterwards resumed. Hoecker at this period was sixty years of age.

By this time (1777) the Society began to decline, not from causes alleged by some writers—want of vigor of mind in the successor of BEISSEL, who died 1768, for his successor, PETER MILLER, was a man of much greater powers of mind, and had the management of the establishment during BEISSEL'S time; and to whose energy and perseverance is mainly attributable the great prosperity of the institution in its early days. The institution was one of the seventeenth century, and in accordance with European feelings: most of the members being natives of Germany. The state of public opinion at BEISSEL'S death was widely different from what it was during the first fifty years after it was established, in relation to politics and government, and with this march of intellect different sentiments were entertained in regard to religious institutions. It was commenced as a *social* community in the midst of a wilderness—the hand of improvement made the desert bloom as the rose at *that time* (1768) were surrounded by a dense population. These circumstances connected with incessant persecution—the turmoil and contention into which they were thrown and constantly kept by some of their envious neighbours, were the principal causes of its decline; which continued on the wane until within a few years, since which it is reviving and growing in numbers.

At an early period they established a printing office, one of the first German presses in the State, (the second I believe;) which enabled them to distribute tracts and hymns, and afterwards to print several large works, in which the views of the founder are fully explained. Many of these books have been lost and destroyed. In the revolutionary war, *just* before the battle of Germantown, three wagon loads of books, in *sheets*, were seized and taken away *for cartridges*.—They came to the paper mill to get paper, and not finding any there, they *pressed* the books in sheets. We find the following, all original works, viz: *Urkunden ächte und Erfahrungs-volle Hohe Zeugnuss Wie man zum Geistlichen Leben und dessen Vollkommenheit gelangen möge, &c. &c.* 1745, pp. 58 quarto—And in the same volume. *Mystische und Erbauungs-volle Epistles, &c. &c* (containing seventy-three *Theosophische Epistels:*) 1745 pp. 494 quarto;—*Das Gesang der einsamen und verlassenen Turtel Taube Neuerlich der Christlichen Kirche, &c. &c.*—Von einem Frauenzim and noch der selben Ewigkeit wallenden Pilger, &c. 1747 pp. 300 quarto—*Neu vermehrtes Gesang der einsamen Turtel Taube* 1747, pp. 330 duod. (This is a continuation of the preceding book and has the initials of each writer to the hymns. I have not been able to find but one copy of this book and believe it to be the only one extant;)—*Ester Theil der, Theosophischen Lectiones, Betreffende die Seelen des einsamen Lebens* 1752 pp. 433 quarto. *Paradeisischen Wunderspiel, &c. &c.* 1766 pp. 472 large quarto. (This is another volume of hymns by BEISSEL, and the brethren and sisters of the society; Four hundred and fifty-one were written by BEISSEL; seventy-three by the brethren in the Cloister, one of which contains 215 verses; one hundred by the sisters, one of which contains 250 verses; and one hundred and twelve by the out door members.—*Delicia Ephratenses, Pars* 1. *Geistliche Reden*, 1773, pp. 340 quarto; (for which a frontispeice was engraved on copper, impressions of which have also been passed on the title pages of many others, and the same is cut in wood or type metal, and imprinted in the later works. It is a circle of about three inches in diameter, and contains an altar in the fore-ground, on which is placed a nest of young birds reaching up their little necks, with open bills, and extending their short pinions to receive a dove returning to them, with an olive branch; at the right is an humble cottage, and at a distance on the left is a castle, with mountains in the bottom.—On the front of the altar is the following motto: "*Non omnibus unus!*" with this legend round the margin: "*Inwuhl Hirrsolle ridum Jehova aliorsa face!*" and below the altar: "*Delicia Ephratenses!*"—*Chronicon Ephratense, Enthaltend den Lebens Lauf des ehrwurdigen Vaters in Christo* FRIEDSAM GOTTRECHT, &c. &c. *Zusammen getragen von Br. LAMECH und ABELIPA*, 1786, pp. 250 large quarto.

Music was much cultivated; BEISSEL was a fine rate musician and composer. In composing sacred music he took his style from the music of nature, and the whole comprising several large volumes are founded on the tones of the *Æolian* harp—the organ or the *Eolian* harp harmonized. It is very peculiar in its style and concords, and in its execution. The tones issuing from the choir imitate very soft instrumental music; conveying a solemn and devotion almost superhuman to the auditor. Their music is set in four, six, and eight parts. All the parts save the bass are lead and sung exclusively by females, the men being confined to the bass, which is set in two parts, the high and low bass—the latter resembling the deep tones of the organ, and the first, in combination with one of the female parts, is an excellent imitation of the concert horn. The whole is sung on the *falsette* voice, the singers scarcely opening their mouths, or moving their lips, which throws the voice up to the ceiling, which is not high, and the tones, which seem to be more than human, at least so far from common church singing appear to be entering above, and hovering over the heads of the assembly. Their singing so charmed the Commissioners who were sent to visit the society by the English Government, after the French war, that they requested a copy to be sent to the Royal family in England; which was cheerfully complied with, and which I understand is still preserved in the National Library. About twelve months afterwards a box was received of three or four feet long, and two or two and an half wide containing a present in return. What the present was, is not now certainly known—none having seen it but FRIEDSAM and JABEZ, who was then Prior, and into whose care it was consigned. It was buried secretly by him, with the advice of BEISSEL. It is supposed by a hint given by JABEZ, that it was images of the king and queen, in full costume, or images of the Saviour on the Cross, and the Virgin Mary; supposing, as many in this country have erroneously thought that the people of Ephrata possess many of the Catholic principles and feelings. The king, at whose instance they were sent, was a German, and we may presume that he considered that they retained the same views as the monastic institutions of Europe. They have nearly a thousand pieces of music, a piece being composed for every hymn.—This music is lost entirely, now, at Ephrata—not the music books, but the style of singing; they never attempt it any more. It is, however, still preserved and finally executed, though in a faint degree, at *Snowhill*, near the Antietam creek, in Franklin county, of this State; where there is a branch of the society, and which is now the principal settlement of the Seventh Day Baptists. They greatly outnumber the people at Ephrata, and are in a very flourishing condition.—There they keep up the institution as originally established at Ephrata, and are growing rapidly. Their singing, which is weak in comparison with the old Ephrata choir, and may be likened to the performance of an overture by a musical box, with its execution by a full orchestra in the opera house, is so peculiar and affecting that when once heard can never be forgotten. I heard it once at Ephrata, in my very young days, when several of the old choir were still living, and the Antietam choir had met with them. And same years since sojourned in the neighbourhood of Snowhill during the summer season, where I had a fine opportunity of hearing it frequently and judging of its excellence. On each returning Friday evening, the commencement of the Sabbath, I regularly mounted my horse and rode to that place, a distance of three miles, and lingered about the grove in front of the building, during the evening exercises, charmed to enchantment. It was in my gay days, when the fashion and ambition of the world possessed my whole breast, but there was such a sublimity and devotion in their music, that I repaired with the greatest punctuality to this place, to drink in those mellifluous tones, which transported my spirit for the time, to regions of unalloyed bliss—tones which I never before nor since heard on earth, though I have frequented the English, the French, and the Italian opera—*that* is music for the *ear*—the music of BEISSEL is music for the *soul*—music that affords more than natural gratification. It was, always, a delightful hour to me, enhanced by the situation of the Cloister, which is in a lonely vale just beyond the South Mountain. During the week I longed for the return of that evening, and on the succeeding morning was again irresistibly led to take the same ride, (if I did not let it be known in the evening that I was on the ground, for no sooner it was discovered, I was invited and kept the night in the Cloister)—to attend morning service, at which time I always entered the room, as there was then preaching; but as often as I entered I became ashamed of myself, for scarcely had these strains of celestial melody touched my ear than I was bathed in tears—unable to suppress them, they continued to cover my face during the service; nor in spite of my mortification could I keep away. They were not tears of penitence, for my heart was not subdued to the Lord, but tears of ecstatic rapture, giving a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

I have spoken of Ephrata as it was, not as it is.—True, old Ephrata still stands—its weather-beaten walls, some of which are upwards of an hundred years old, and are crumbling to pieces, rendering it more interesting from its antiquity. Many traces of the olden time, too, mark the gradual dissolution connected with its mouldering walls, and like some of the dilapidated castles, which are apparently falling to the ground, deserted, and given to the rooks and owls, yet it continues many habitable and comfortable apartments; and there are many who love to linger in its silent rooms, and sensibly feel, while meditating upon the vicissitudes of this ancient institution, the force of the sentiment of VOLNEY: "*Je vous salue ruines solitaires! Oui tandis que votre aspect repousse d'un secret effroi les regards du vulgaire, mon cœur trouve à vous contempler le charme des sentimens profonds et des hautes pensées.*" There is still a small band who retain the principles, and meet together regularly to worship, on the evening and the morning of the Sabbath; but they are a flock without a shepherd—they have the forms but not the spirit, nor the seal of their predecessors.—The ancient community have been called "*Zelots.*" Zeal is, certainly, better than indifference, and enthusiasm better than deadness. Zeal is the life of Christianity, and it is an honor to a denomination to be designated by a title, even if it be in ridicule, which implies their activity and faithfulness. The people of Ephrata now lack that desirable quality for which those of old are *stigmatised*; for that zeal would be an honor to them should they merit it. Ephrata would be a paradise, as it was in former days, were the people now here, such *zealots* as they have descended from. They now partake more of the cold Christianity of the world. It must not, however, be supposed that they were ranters or made a noise and display of their zeal. It was a quiet, all-absorbing zeal, in which the world and all its vanities were sacrificed to pure and constant devotion—they were living and moving in this world, performing diligently all the duties that devolved upon them here, but their spirits, and all their conversation was centered in heaven. Of them, who were derided with the epithet of "*Zealots*," Mr. WASHINGTON, speaking of the people of Ephrata, in his *Dialogues*, says: "I remember the Rev. MORGAN EDWARDS, formerly minister of the Baptist Church in Philadelphia, once said to me: '*God will always have a visible people on earth, and these* (the Society of Ephrata) *are his people at present, above any other in the world.*"—Mr. Winchester says further:—"They walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, both in public and private. They bring up their children, (now speaking of the married members,) in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, no noise, rudeness, shameless mirth, loud laughter, is heard within their doors. The law of kindness is in their mouths; no scurrilous or mirth-provoking disgraces their religion, and whatsoever they believe their Saviour commands they practice, without inquiring, or regarding what others do. They read much; they sing and pray much; they are constant attendants upon the worship of God; their dwelling houses are all houses of prayer."

There are several single sisters remaining in the Convent, (one of whom has been there forty-six years, and another lives in a cottage, solitary life, sixty years,) but another government now exists. In former days the whole property and income belonged exclusively to the single brethren and sisters, but now, by a charter obtained from the State Legislature, at the instance of the single members then remaining, the property is invested in all the members, single and married.—Since then the sisters in the Convent are not supported out of the common stock and their common labour, but each has house room, which all the married members are entitled to, who require it, as well as fire wood, flour, and milk, from the society, who still possess the farm, 140 acres, and a grist mill, and a saw mill, and their labour they apply to their own use, or dispose of it as they see proper.

This institution has suffered the fate of similar institutions in the old countries, from the mutations of time and the natural consequences of the advancement of general improvement; and especially from incessant external opposition and persecution with which it had to contend. Its indomitable persecutors have been removed to the land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the Society is just escaping from heavy embarrassments, which they incurred in defending themselves from the egg enemies and impositions of their avaricious neighbours, who kept them in turmoil and perplexing contention, for a long series of years. It is again looking up, and under the new regulations of the present Charter, is increasing in numbers, and it is to be hoped, will in usefulness. Had they a shepherd to feed them with the bread of life, there is a good prospect of it becoming a renewed and vigorous body, but from their repugnance to support a settled minister, *they* have to wait in patience until the Lord, in his good pleasure, raise up one among themselves.

As early as 1758, there was a branch of this Society established at the Bermudian creek, in York county, about 15 miles from the town of York; some of the members of which still remain, though they have been without preaching many years. Another was established in 1762, in Bedford county, which still flourishes and many members of the present Society are scattered through the counties of the interior of the State; so that the truth which was left has not become extinct, but is still extending, which is particularly the case at Snowhill; and hope is still entertained, that *the little one may become a thousand, and the small one a great nation.*

DISPATCH OF BUSINESS.—"Mr. Chairman," said a sharp old lawyer at a public meeting, "I wish to get out of the way of this momentous question as soon as possible. With your permission I shall therefore despatch myself in a single moment." "For heaven's sake, Tom," cried a jolly farmer, "hand the square a pearl."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT IS MISERY.

Is it to see our heart's desire
Of worldly treasure slip our grasp?
To have some *fancied* joy expire,
E'er that idol we could clasp.
Is it that we forego those joys
Which luxury mix'd; the cup of care?
Or revel where our heart destroys,
The idol pleasure sought for there.
Is it that love's bright garlands bloom
Had dress'd the shrine within our soul?
Then chang'd for the cypress tomb
To blast its joys beyond control.
Is it a rival's bitter scorn,
The flashing eye, contemptuous lip?
That withering look, which must be borne,
Oh! no, this cup is light to sip.
Misery's to see the one we love,
Crushed by the heavy hand of fate,
Without the pow'r this load to move,
A *load mark*, too, far loath to hate.
It is to feel the chilling blast,
Blow rudely on each *pledge* of *love*.
The dark spell of misfortune cast,
Which we have not the pow'r to move.
It is to see *our little* world,
Where all the heart's affection's fix;
By dark misfortune's cold blast hurl'd,
Up-torn to *wither* and to *die*.
Struggling through these ills of woe,
With eyes vain cast in search of peace;
Yet see, that fate, has will'd it so,
Until in *Heaven*, those woes shall cease.

EARLESTINE.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF TOM BERMINGHAM.

"Tom!" said my worthy progenitor to me, as we sat one evening over a second bottle of unpaid claret, at his chambers in Albany: "Tom, what is that resemblance-like and ill-folded despatch that you're cooning so attentively, with a face that's enough to turn your wine into vinegar?"

"My tailor's bill, Sir," said I, with a groan that came *ab imis præcordiis*, followed up by a scarcely audible malédictory explanation, which I will not repeat, for fear of shocking the ladies.

"Poor devil!" ejaculated the "governor."

"Meaning me, Sir?" said I.

"No, Tom, meaning your tailor; you're welcome to the benefit of it however. But no matter; fill your glass, and let us hear the sum total."

"Only five hundred, Sir, in round numbers."

"Is that all? how very moderate!" exclaimed my exemplary parent.

"Why, indeed, Sir," said I, "it might as well have been a thousand, for any chance he has of seeing his money."

"That you may say, Tom; but the sort of thing can't go on for ever, and how long do you flatter yourself that it will last?"

"That is a point beyond my powers of computation, Sir; a sweet fortune is like a spent cannon ball—it goes a great way before it stops."

"Ay! but it stops at last, Tom; and let me tell you, there was but a small tribe of powder in the charge, at starting. Tom, there's but one thing for it, and I've told you so a thousand times, only you keep never minding me; you must marry an heiress or a rich widow."

"The Lord defend me from widows, Sir!" exclaimed I with a shudder (for there was a widow—and a rich widow too—but more of her anon); and as for heiress, Sir, I don't believe in them. They are like ghosts, or mermaids, or griffins, or unicorns; one hears of such things—some of them well-authenticated cases too—but one never meets with them oneself."

"Faha! Tom, you are a lazy, indolent dog, or you might do very well, if you would set about it in earnest; to begin with, you are a devilish good looking fellow!"

"So the women *do* say," answered I, with a peep at his chimney-glass.

"Sir Isaac Newton," said I.

"In my stockings," said I.

"Young enough, in any conscience," said my father.

"I should think so," said I, "in spite of my wig."

"A Captain in the Guards."

"True," said I, "for the last ten years, and heartily sick of the same."

"Heir-apparent to an old Baronetcy, and an estate of three thousand a year, in the county Tipperary."

"Yes," said I, "saddled with a double mortgage, and the jointure of an immortal old woman."

"Well, Tom, all the more necessary for you to make the most of it. You know very well it's all up with me; and if this infernal dissolution takes place, I shall find it convenient to cross the water for the benefit of my health; but it's of no use talking to you. Are you going to the Opera to-night?"

"I believe I must look in there by-and-by; Lady Hornsey has

I discovered that, instead of "Mr. Henderson," it bore the name of "Lieut. Col. Sir George Jervoise." "Could it be the same earl?—Yes, there was the address—No. —, Upper Harley-street.

"Well," thought I, "I took it for granted he was her father; but I suppose he is only her uncle. Perhaps her father is dead. So much the better—parents are sadly in the way, when a young lady is disposed to make a disinterested match."

With this consolatory reflection, I made my appearance at the breakfast table, where I found the "governor" all sympathy for my mishap, of which he had heard the most exaggerated accounts.

At his request, I now gave him my version of the affair, which was tolerably correct, as far as it went, although I took the liberty of suppressing such facts as I was not desirous to communicate. I therefore said nothing of Miss Henderson. But dwelt long and eloquently on the kindness of Sir George Jervoise. "He stared, Sir" observed I, "that he had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner lately."

"To be sure, to be sure," said my father, suddenly recollecting the name. "It was on Friday that last week, at the Seymour Higginbothams." I sat next to him, and a very sensible, agreeable fellow he is. The dinner was given in honor of him and his young bride!"

"*Bride!*" exclaimed, or rather screamed, I, bouncing from my chair.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the man?" said my father, staring in amazement.

"Bride, Sir? Did you say 'bride?'"

Yes, Sir! his bride! And a mighty pretty woman she is, I can tell you! with a splendid pair of black eyes. An heiress, too. They had only been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I started on my feet, upsetting sundry cups and saucers in the abruptness of the movement, tore off the sling from my arm, threw it into the fire, and began pacing the room with gigantic strides.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed my father, in real alarm, "the boy's mad! My life for it! he has had a concussion of the brain in that cursed fall!" And so saying, he began ringing the bell, as if the house was on fire.

"For heaven's sake, Sir!" said I, "don't alarm the neighbourhood! I have only made a confounded fool of myself—that's all!"

"Well, Tom," said he "I am glad it's no worse; but as it isn't the first time by a great many, to my certain knowledge, you may as well take it easy, my how."

"Take it easy, indeed!" exclaimed I. "When I have run the risk of line, king my neck for nothing? But you shall hear the whole truth, Sir, and judge of my disappointment."

I then proceeded to supply the deficiencies of my former narrative, and put my worthy father in possession of all the facts of the case. He listened to my recital with the most provoking hilarity; and, after complimenting me on what he was pleased to designate my "ardour of impudence," and "unparalleled effrontery," he ended by exclaiming, with an oath, that I was his "own son, every inch of me."

"But, Tom, my boy," said he, "don't be down-hearted! There are plenty of heiresses—and pretty ones, too —to be had, if you will only take the trouble of looking for them;—and, at all events, if the worst comes to the worst, there is Lady Hornsey."

"Don't mention the old sorceress!" said I, "unless you wish to give me another fit of St. Vitus. I'll have nothing to say to her or any body else. I'll go at once, and throw myself into the Regent's Canal."

"Ah! then, Tom," said my affectionate relative, "sure the Basin in the Green Park is a deal more convenient?"

"Why, it's nearer, as you observe Sir," said I. "But I wish to do the polite thing; and, after Sir George's attention to me last night, it would be but decent to leave my card in Harley-street, P. P. C. on my way."

To Harley-street I went accordingly; and as, in spite of the awful discovery which I had made, I was rather anxious to appear interesting in the eyes of the adorable Lady Jervoise, I judged it expedient to resume my sling, in case I should be admitted. But even this slight relief was denied me. Neither Sir George nor his lady was at home; so I contented myself with leaving my card, accompanied by a grateful message, which I trusted to the servants to deliver.

Never was the equanimity of my temper more grievously disturbed than on that day. But, lucky or unlucky, merry or sad, people in this world must dine, that is to say if they can get a dinner; and after fuming away my whole morning over the Sunday papers at the Club, I suddenly recollected that I was engaged for that day to Lady Hornsey.

"Well," said I, "it is a bore, but I may as well go and see how the Professor gets on."

Whether it was that I had mistaken the hour, or bestowed too much time on the cares of the toilet, or that I wished, by concentrating the attention of the whole party upon me, to give greater effect to my *entree*, I cannot exactly say, but I arrived late in Berkeley-square. The company had sat down to dinner. The first object that attracted my notice, as I entered, was the *Professor*, installed in *Pierre de la maison*, at the bottom of the table, in the seat which I had frequently filled, at the request of the "fair hostess," who probably considered me in a state of probation for its more permanent occupancy.

Little did I heed the gleam of triumph which shot from under the *specs* of my scientific friend, for lo! within two of him, radiant in all the splendour of her unrivalled charms, sat Lady Jervoice! Her husband (*chaut*) was the centre support of the chair.

I dropped into the only vacant seat, which, by good luck, was next to her. Our recognition was mutual; and my arm, still in a sling, elicited the kindest inquiries in a tone that was anything but indifferent.

The conversation proceeded with great spirit. Her manner was as fascinating as her countenance was angelic. Every sentence she uttered increased my adoration and my despair. I drank wine with Sir George and wished he had pledged me in Prussic acid; but the only vengeance I had it in my power to inflict was flirting with his wife; which act of "wild justice," as Baron calls revenge, I performed to the best of my ability. She listened with no reluctant ear to the "soft nothings" with which I assailed her; but every now and then I observed on her face a momentary expression of surprise, for which I was at a loss to account. At length, when, upon one occasion, I had said "your ladyship," she interrupted me with considerable hesitation, while a deep hue most becoming a blow of timidity diffused itself over her lovely countenance.

"Do you know," said she, "I rather think you are under a mistake with respect to me?"

"Indeed!" said I, while my heart gave a bounce.—"Have I not the pleasure of addressing Lady Jervoise?"

"No," answered she, laughing; and directing my attention to a very pretty little black-eyed woman who sat near the Professor, at the opposite side of the table, "*that* is Lady Jervoise. You did not see her last night, for she was not very well, and stayed away from the Opera. I am her sister, and on a visit with her. *My* name is Julia Henderson."

* * * * * *

Reader, shall I go on? or do you anticipate the result? My star was in the ascendant! They say "the course of true love never did run smooth"; perhaps so; but with me the waters had been on "dark and stormy" at starting, it was but fair that, during the remainder of the voyage, the stream should flow in an even though rapid current. I have not space for the particulars; suffice it to say, that the fair Julia was a *co-heiress*; that her Indian uncle and stock exchange father were both dead; that she herself was lately arrived from Paris under the care of a step-mother; that her fortune, was, however, only half what my crush-room friend had reported, was entirely at her own disposal; and finally, that within two months of my cab adventures, I had the pleasure of converting Miss Henderson into Mrs. Berningham—a transformation which, I am happy to say, we have neither of us, so far, seen occasion to regret.

C. H.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, May 9.

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☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"America" by Plebeian, is barely passable as a school-boy production. The writer, however, in attempting prose composition, has avoided a common and usually fatal error into which those who are afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* usually fall. He deserves no little credit for his discernment.

The selections by Agnes will be published.

"P. P. P." affects to be a regular quiz, but he treads on dangerous ground when he meddles with tailors. We suppress the poetry fearing that the term—the name of a tailor's weapon—with which he closes his third verse, might, very uncourteously, be applied to the writer.

"Senex" will meet attention.

The story of the "Flying Dutchman"—the writer will find it better told in last year's almanack—and the articles signed "Charles," and "L. W." we beg to decline.

"W. H. M." must suffer probation awhile longer, as "Lines on my Birth-day," are sadly deficient in the essential qualities of poetry.

Lilla we cannot oblige.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Boy's and Girl's Library.—Two more numbers of this very interesting and instructive publication have just been published by the Harpers. They contain entertaining conversations of Uncle Philip and his Boys, upon the history of New York, and are embellished with a number of pretty and appropriate engravings. A vast quantity of important information, in familiar form, is embraced in these volumes, and the whole series is admirably adapted to the improvement of the juvenile mind.

New Works.—The Harpers have received in sheets from London, the greater part of a work, by Bulwer, the novelist, which they will, of course, put in hand forthwith, and have all ready for the press, if not worked off, by the time the remainder reaches this country. The title, we believe, is not determined on.

Carey, Lea and Blanchard have in press the second number of the Crayon Miscellany, by Washington Irving. It treats of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, and we may therefore expect many interesting details concerning Scott and Byron.

The Law Library, for May, contains a continuation of the article on assets, debts and incumbrances, a subject of some interest, without doubt, to those concerned in litigation.

Bishop Jebb and Alex. Knox.—Carey, Lea and Blanchard, have just published, in two large volumes, "Thirty years' correspondence between John Jebb, D. D. Bishop of Limerick, &c. and Alex. Knox, Esq. M. R. I. A." The work is edited by the Rev. Charles Foster. Bishop Jebb is well known as having been a man of much learning and piety, and his writings will naturally be read, with great pleasure, by the denomination of christians to which he was attached. Mr. Knox was likewise an exemplary christian and an elegant and powerful writer, and the views, opinions and observations of two such minds, cannot fail to instruct and edify every christian reader.

The American Magazine, for April, just published, is well filled, as usual, with articles of much interest, many of them being illustrated with engravings. The diagram of the Delaware Breakwater, and the accompanying description, give additional interest to the number to readers in this state.

"The Siege of Vienna," from the press of Messrs. Key & Biddle, is a translation from the German of Madame Pichler. It is illustrative of the invasion of Austria in 1678 and '9, by the Turks, and their overthrow before the walls of Vienna; and is the production of an able writer, who having studied the facts connected with the narrative, has made it less a work of fiction, than a pleasing train of history, clothed in a seductive garb.

Improvement of Society.—We have received from Messrs. Key and Biddle, the fourth volume of the uniform edition of the works of Dr. Thomas Dick. It is occupied by a learned essay on the improvement of society by the diffusion of knowledge, and furnishes illustrations of the advantages to be derived from a more general dissemination of rational and scientific information. This is a subject of vast magnitude and importance, but it is treated of with skill and effect by an able logician, and a sound philosopher and christian. The volume embraces a large amount of useful information—evincing patience and laborious research—and it cannot fail to exercise a most salutary influence in enlarging the mind and expanding the views of every reader. We regard this series of Dick's works, as one of the very best and most valuable publications of the day.

MRS. BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

The publication of this work has excited a very sensible commotion in this city. From the hour it was issued there has been a continued demand for copies, and by this time its contents, it is probable, have been perused by thousands of our citizens. In relation to its merits there seems to be but one opinion—that of condemnation. All who have expressed any opinion in our hearing, have agreed in sentiment, that for petulancy, absurdity, and contemptible prejudice against this country, Mrs. Butler far out Trollopes Trollope, and a similar unanimity is observed in relation to the press, both of this city and of New York. That such unanimity should exist among editors of all parties, and citizens of every class, without just cause, would seem to be scarcely possible, and the degree of unanimity, we apprehend, is without a parallel.

We were never an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Kemble, and have never spoken of her, in this paper or elsewhere, except in qualified terms. When she first came among us we believed her a girl of considerable genius and talent—a sprightly actress, strongly tinged with silly romance and affectation—as an actress very creditable in some parts, but grossly vulgar in others; and altogether as possessing much more merit than the generality of English actresses who had preceded her, but without any quality deserving of eminence or regard, disconnected with the stage. In this opinion we continued during the whole of her connection with our Theatres, and we have found nothing in her book calculated to change our views. If we are surprised at any thing, it is at the extent of the failings which we thought we discovered at an early day; and the absurdity of many of her romantic notions—the grossness of her vulgarity, almost approaching to obscenity—and her black ingratitude for the favors she so courteously received, certainly far exceed our reasonable anticipations.

It is not our purpose, however, to speak in harsh terms either of the actress or her book, as the affair is altogether too small to elicit any other feeling than that of derision; and we regret exceedingly that Mrs. Butler's opinions should be regarded as of so much consequence as to excite anger. To treat so vile a compound of absurdity and folly, with any degree of seriousness, would be to give a consequence to foreign scribblers that we hope they never will obtain. Her book is an excellent jest book, and we defy any one to read it with a grave face, especially if the writer's aristocratic notions are considered in connection with her paste-pot and play bill ancestors. Her opinions in relation to American society and institutions are not worth a straw, as it is strongly doubted whether she ever had any opportunity of judging of the former by personal observation, and it is probable that a disappointment on that score may have had some agency in guiding her pen.

For the amusement of our readers, we have been at some pains to gather a few piquant passages from the Journal, and we here give them under the head of

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

"I think I would rather be descended from a half heathen Saxon giant, than from William Penn himself."

"Heard something funny that I wish to remember—at a Methodist meeting, the singer who led the psalm tune, finding that his concluding word, which was Jacob, had not syllables enough to fill up the music adequately, ended thus—Ja-a-a-a—Ja-a-a-a-fol-de-riddle-cob!"

"Our dinner was a favorable specimen of eating as practised in this new world—* * * * * * but the things were put on the table in a slovenly, outlandish fashion; fish, soup and meat, at once, and puddings and tarts, and cheese, at another time—*no finger glasses*, and a patched table cloth. * * * The waiters, too, reminded me of the half savage highland lads that used to torment us under that denomination in Glasgow, only they were wild Irish instead of wild Scotch."

"The sermon would have been good, if it had been squeezed into half the compass it occupied; it was upon the subject of the late terrible visitations with which God has tried the world, and was sensibly and well delivered, only it had *damnable iteration.*"

"On the stairs met that odious Dr. ——, who came into the drawing room without asking or being asked, sat himself down, and called me Miss Fanny. I should like to have thrown my tea at him."

"Poor good ship, I wish to heaven that my feet were on her deck, and her prow turned to the East. I would not care if the devil himself drove a hurricane at our backs."

"Lay all day on my back, most wretched, the ship heaving about like any earthquake, in fact there is something funny in the way in which people seem dispossessed of their power of volition, by this motion, rushing hither and thither in all directions but the one they purpose going and making as many angles, fetches, and sidelong deviations from the point they aim at, as if the *devil had tied a string to their legs*, and jerked it every now and then in sport."

"Mr. —— sang my song and kept my secret, the song was encored—and my father innocently demanded the author; I gave him a tremendous punch and looked very silly. Merit like murder, will out, so I fancy that when they drank the health of the author, the whole table was aware of the genius, that sat amongst them."

"Came home up Broadway, which is a long street of tolerable width, full of shops, in short the American Oxford road, where all people go to exhibit themselves and examine others. The women that I have seen hitherto have all been very gaily dressed, with a pretension to French style, and a more than English exaggeration of it—they all appear to walk with a French shuffle."

"This hotel (the American) reminds me most extremely of our "digant" and untidy apartments in dear nasty Dublin at the Shelbourne. * * * * 'Tis customary too here I find for men to sleep three or four in a room; conceive an Englishman shown into a dormitory for half a dozen! * * * My father asked me this evening to write a sonnet about the wild pigeon's welcoming us to America—I had thought of it with scribbling intent before, *but he wants to get it up here, and that sickened me.*"

"The dinner was plenteous, and tolerably well-dressed, but ill-served; there were not half servants enough, and we had neither water-glasses nor finger-glasses. Now, though I don't eat with my fingers, (except peaches, whereat I think the aborigines, who were paring theirs like so many potatoes, seemed rather amazed,) yet I do hold a finger-glass, at the conclusion of my dinner, a requisite to comfort."

On the occasion of her first appearance at the Park Theatre, she says—

"Mr. H. —— and his nephew called; the latter asked me if I was at all apprehensive? No, by my troth, I am not; and that not because I feel sure of success, for I think it very probable the Yankees may like to show their critical judgment by damning me; but because, thank God, I do not care whether they do or not."

"The ants swarm on the floors, the tables, in the beds, about one's clothes: the plagues of Egypt were a joke to them; horrible! it makes one's life absolutely burthensome, to have creatures creeping about one, and all over one, night and day, this fashion."

"——To bed—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to be bitten!—aye—there's the scratch:
And in that sleep of ours what bugs may come,
Must give us pause."

"That Town Hall is a white washed anomaly and yet its effect is not altogether bad. I took a bath at the house behind it, which is very conveniently arranged for that purpose, with a French sort of gallery. * * * The house was kept by a foreigner. *I knew it.*"

"The women dress very much, and very much like French women gone mad; they all of them seem to me to walk horribly ill, as if they wore tight shoes."

"Mercy on me! how sore all these people are about Mrs. Trollope's back, and how glad I am I did not read it. She must have spoken the truth though, for he do not rankle so."

"My dresses were very beautiful, But Oh! But Oh! the musquitoes had made dreadful havoc with my arms which were covered with hills, as large and red as Vesuvius in an eruption—after the play, my father introduced me to Mr. B. ——, Lord S——'s, brother who was behind the scenes—his brother's place, by the by."

"At the end of the play, the clever New Yorkians actually called for Mr. Keppel! and this most worthless clapping of hands, most worthlessly bestowed upon such a worthless object, is what by the nature of my craft I am bound to care for! I spit at it from the bottom of my soul!"

Her Opinion of Horse Flesh.—"Saw a woman riding to-day; but she has gotten a black velvet bevet upon her head. Only think of a beret on horseback! The horses here are none of them properly broken; their usual pace being a wrong-legged half-canter, or a species of stumbling trot denominated with infinite justice a *rack*. They are all broken with snaffles instead of curbs, carrying their noses out, and pull horribly; I have not yet seen a decent rider, either man or woman."

She describes an incident on the stage as follows:

"In the last scene of the play, I was so mad with the mode in which all the preceding ones had been perpetrated, that, lying over Mr. ——'s corpse, and fumbling for the dagger, which I could not find, I, Juliet, thus apostrophised him—Romeo being dead—'Why, where the devil is your dagger, Mr. ——?'"

"I am sure there is no town in Europe, where my father could fix his residence for a week, without being immediately found out by most of the residents of any literary acquirements, or knowledge of matters relating to art; I am sure that neither in France, Italy, or Germany, could he take up his abode in any city without being immediately sought by those best worth knowing in it; I confess it surprised me, therefore, when I found that during a month's residence in Philadelphia, scarcely a creature came near us, and but one house was hospitably opened to us; as regards myself, I have no inclination whatever to speak upon the subject; but it gives me something like a feeling of contempt, not only for the charities but for the good taste of the Philadelphians, when I found them careless and indifferent towards one whose name alone is a passport into every refined and cultivated society in Europe. Every where else in America our reception was different, and I can only attribute the want of courtesy we met with in Philadelphia, to the greater prevalence of that very small spirit of dignity, which is always afraid of committing itself."

"As we walked down Market street, through the long ranges of casks, the only creatures stirring, except some melancholy night-loving cat, my father said very calmly, "How I do wish I had a gimlet!"—"What for?"—"What fun it would be to pierce every one of these barrels." For a gentleman of his years, this appeared to me rather a juvenile prompting of Satan and as I laughingly expostulated on the wickedness of such a proceeding, he replied with much innocence, "I don't think they'd ever suspect me of having done it;" and truly I don't think they would. Come home, and to bed. That was a curious fancy of my father's!"

"The dignified and graceful influence which married women, among us, exercise over the tone of manners, uniting the duties of home, to the charms of social life, and bearing at once like the orange tree, the fair fruits of maturity with the blossoms of their spring, is utterly unknown here. Married women are either house drudges and nursery maids, or, if they appear in society, comparative cyphers; and the retiring, modest, youthful bearing, which among us distinguishes girls of fifteen or sixteen, is equally unknown. Society is entirely led by chits, who in England would be sitting behind a pinafore; the consequence is that it has neither the elegance, refinement, nor the propriety which belongs to ours, but is a noisy, rackety; vulgar, congregation of flirting boys and girls, alike without style or decorum."

"As at New York, the same separation, or if any thing, a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia, between the self styled fashionables, and the really good society. The distinction there, is really of a character perfectly ludicrous; a friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a high order, upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, "Oh, no, they are not received by the Chesnut street set." I were called upon to define that society in New York and Philadelphia, which ranks (by right of self arrogation) as first and best; I would say it is a purely dancing society, where a fiddle is indispensable to keep its members awake, and where their brains and tongues seem, by common consent, to feel that they had much better give up the care of mutual entertainment to the feet of the parties assembled, and they judge well."

"The conversation was of the *genteel* shopkeeper kind—the wit of the ladies, and the gallantry of the gentlemen, savouring strongly of tapes, one yard measure, and the shrieks of laughter of the whole set, enough to drive one into a frenzy."

"At six, went to the theatre—the house was very full, and D—— and my father say that I was extremely ungracious in my acknowledgeme nt of their greetings. I cannot tell; I did not mean to be so; I made them three courtesies, and what can woman do more —of course, I can neither feel, no look so glad to see them, as I am to see my own dear London people—neither can I be as profound in my obeisance as when my audience is civil enough to rise to me; "there is difference, look you."

"He was a pretty spoken, *genteel* youth enough—he drank tea with us, and offered to ride with me. He is, it seems, a great fortune; consequently I suppose bad; my cough's enough to kill a horse."

"Except where they have been made political tools, newspaper writers, and editors, have never, I believe, been admitted into good society in England."

"This delightful virtue of neatness, is carried almost to an inconvenient pitch by the worthy Philadelphians—the town every now and then appears to be in a very phrenzy of cleanliness; and of a Saturday morning early, the streets are really impassable, except to a good swimmer. "Cleanliness," says the old saw, "is near to Godliness"—Philadelphia must be very near Heaven."

* * * * *

"Sept. 2d. They tell me that this is their American weather almost till Christmas, that's nice for those that like frying." "My dear father, who was a little *elated*, made me sing to him, which I greatly *gulped at*." "The American fences form a zig-zag wall of wood, which runs over the country like the herring-bone seams of a flannel petticoat."—Rail-road cars—"with a full compliment of passengers, on a fine, sunny, American summer's day, must make as pretty a little moveable hell as may be, I should think." "At New York, it rained cats and dogs, and the streets were all gray pudding." Philadelphia audience—"stocks and stones—immovable; intolerable; detestable." "Heaven bless the world for a *conglomerated amalgamation* of fools!" Shyness appears to me to be a quality utterly unknown to either man, woman, or child in America." "At one o'clock, came home from the ball, having danced myself fairly off my legs." "I declare that during a three years' residence in America, almost every article of every description, which I have had made, has been ill made, and obliged to undergo manifold alterations." "Set out with my father to fetch a walk—which we did to the tune of near six miles." "An American can no more understand a fanciful jest than a poetical idea." "Here, I do solemnly swear, never again with my own good will, to become acquainted with any man in any way connected with the public press." "Mr. —— is an agreeable man, but he belongs to the press-gang, I will not know him." "The mixture of the Republican feeling of equality peculiar to this country, and the usual want of refinement common to the lower classes of most countries, forms a singularly felicitous union of impudence and vulgarity to be met with no where but in America." "Where the devil is the &c." "I wish the good looks of my steed and itself at the devil."—Philadelphia—"Passed that bright youth, Mr. ——, on the road (Ridge,) riding very like an ass on horseback." "Spent my Sunday morning on my knees, indeed, but packing, not praying." "The appellation of monumental city never would have been befallen Baltimore in any other country under Heaven than this." "How I wished I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush."

The Races.—The Long Island Course was well and fashionably attended on Tuesday last. A vast number of our sporting cits were present, and there was also a considerable sprinkling of the fair sex. The following is the result of the running:

The colt race was won by Mr. Stockton's horse Alexander, beating one of the most celebrated of Stevens's stock.

After the colt race, a purse of $300 was contested for by Columbus and Rolla, the celebrated trotters, and won easily by the former. Time, 2 m. 32 s.

A match race between a horse of Mr Stockton's and one belonging to Mr. Stevens, for $5000 aside, was won by the former after a hard struggle. The race was a truly beautiful one.

A trotting match between Mr. Whitney's horse Rail Road, and Mr. Neal's horse Awful, for $2000 aside, terminated in favor of the former. Time, 2 m. 46 s. Awful was distanced the first mile.

A match, in harness—three single miles—for $500, was run between Mr. Morris's horse Governor, and Mr. Valentine's Cuffy. The latter was the favorite to long odds, but Governor went ahead and won finely.

Remarkable Fact.—The American Journal of Science and the Arts contains a detailed account with a diagram of a snake found last summer in the wine cellar of Mr. David Evans, at Batavia, N. Y., suspended with his head downward from a spider web. The web was an inverted cone of intersecting fibres, ending in a cord about the size of a silk thread. The tail was neatly spliced into a loop and hung to this cord, and a green fly—around which the cord was woven, had served as a windlass to draw the snake up. The length of the snake was nine inches; and his mouth was closely fettered by other cords. He was, however, alive when found and undergoing mastication by the expert little kidnappers, who had entrapped and were feeding on their gigantic prey. Their extraordinary mechanism and skill in the construction of the snare, indicate a purpose and principle of intelligence adapted to the express occasion, which called for it, and far beyond the monotonous routine of instinct.

The Cause of Confinement.—A country girl on the point of marriage was presented with a ring by her sweetheart, with these words—"Here Betty, here's a present for you; I brought it all the way from Bawtry fair, and I gave ten good silver shillings for it." "Ah! John, but I must give more for it than you did." "Nonsense," echoed John, "I'll give it to ye, I tell ye." "But I don't mean that, you know John, I must give my liberty for it." "Liberty!—why yes, you may be confined about once a year."

Epitome of the Times.

Change.—It is learn that the Board of Directors, of the Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank, have succeeded in purchasing the extensive property, at the north west corner of Vine and 3d st. now occupied by Conyngham Allison, for the purpose of fitting it up for a Banking House. The Legislature having passed an act to that effect.

Fire.—About half past three o'clock on Wednesday morning, a fire was discovered on the west side of Second street south of Race, in a two story brick house, owned by Mr. Sheepshanks and occupied as a Dry Goods store and a dwelling house by John Fackney. The firemen attained a considerable height when discovered, or although the firemen exhibited their accustomed activity and energy, the store with its contents was almost wholly destroyed before the fire was extinguished. The loss was considerable, and though there is some insurance on the property we learn that it is insufficient to cover the loss.

Highway Robbery.—About ten o'clock on Monday night, a lumber merchant named Hial Edgerton, of Colesville, Broome county, New York, was knocked down in Noble street near Third, and robbed of his pocket book, containing fourteen hundred dollars, in notes of the Schuylkill and Pennsylvania Banks. He was found by some of the citizens, lying senseless and bleeding on the pavement, and taken to his lodgings, at the Third Street Hall, less than half a square from the place of attack. His head was very much cut by the bludgeon of the robber, and he was so stunned and weakened as to be unable to give the alarm. Medical assistance was promptly obtained, and he was in a fair way of recovery on Tuesday.

The fare from this city to Pittsburg, in the "Pioneer Line," via rail road and packet boats, has been reduced to $10.

The Canal and Rail Road tolls received at the various offices throughout the State, for the week ending the 25th ultimo, amounted to $20,375 52.

Philadelphia and the West.—Since the Canals have been opened, there has been forwarded from this city to the west about 150 tons of merchandize per day.

The Schuylkill and Union Canal are in excellent order and carry a large business. The receipts this season on both canals have been upwards of $104,000.

The Director of the United States Mint thinks it not improbable that our gold mines may yield two millions annually, which will be half the annual quantity expected to be coined the next ten years.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—Despatched last week with coal,

141 boats carying	Tons 6,864
609 per last sport	28,972
750	35,836
126 boats Lite Schuylkill	5,404
876	41,240

Appointments by the President.

William T Barry, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain.

Amos Kendall to be Postmaster General.

J. C. Pickett to be Fourth Auditor of the Treasury Department.

Michael Mason to be Consul at St. Jago de Cuba.

Major Noah says—"Fanny Kemble writes like a smart little milliner."

The Albany Journal says—"It is well for the baggage that she tears petticoats."

The Baltimore American is delighted with the Journal!

Packet-Boat Stock.—We are informed that the Stockholders in the Utica and Schenectady Line of Packet Boats, *divided seven hundred per cent.* as the profits of the last season. A new line has been started this Spring, but the Fare is not reduced. They charge $3,50 for 80 miles, which is too much, as is shown by their enormous dividend.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The Baltimore Chronicle thinks it not unlikely, that Mr. Rush will be appointed Governor of Michigan.

The rooms of the "stone jug," (jail) of Barnstable county, are advertised *to let*—there being no tenant at present.

Extract of a letter from New Castle, Delaware, dated 29th April:—"Some Philadelphia capitalists have reached forth, and invested $150,000, to be applied in improving this ancient town, so that they will likely nurture it, and make it grow a little."

A Boston paper states, that the President of the Bank of the United States, has given orders for closing the branch of that bank at Portsmouth, N. H. It is also stated, that the branch at Fayetteville, N. C. has commenced winding up.

A prospectus has been issued in New York for the establishment of a Sunday paper, on the plan of those published in London. It is to be issued in the morning, before church hours.

Adam's Foot.—A traveller, who has visited the Island of Ceylon, very gravely tells his readers, that he saw there the holy foot mark of Adam. That it "is eleven spans in length, but the great toe is wanting, having been cut out by the Chinese, and deposited in a temple in the city of Zatan; to which pilgrimages are made from the most distant part of China.

Fanny Kemble, and a London "Bug."—The London Age says,—"Next to "a bug," Mrs. Butler professes to abhor a newspaper writer; that is, she professes to abhor them; but when she was about to make her debut [illegible] were literally begging for a subsistence—then these "bugs" were the most delightful things in existence, and were swarming in every room, the house she lived in held."

Look Out.—The New York Courier says,—"No less than 140 thieves have been discharged from our penitentiary within the last month." A large number of these worthies will probably visit Philadelphia to recommence their depredations.

Murder.—The New Haven Herald of 31st ult. states that a most atrocious murder took place in New Preston, Litchfield co. on Tuesday last, of a lad about 12 years of age, by a foreigner, (an Indian, or as others report, a Portuguese,) who had been employed as a laborer on a farm. The lad, it is said, tantalized him, and trod upon his toes. In revenge, while the lad was milking a cow, he struck him down with an axe, and mutilated his body in a most shocking manner—cutting open his heart, severing both legs, &c. The culprit was apprehended and committed for trial.

Louisiana has now 50 millions of banking capital, the largest of any state in the Union. Fifteen millions of this amount was granted by the Legislature in their late session.

The average duration of the English Parliaments since 1800, is about three years. The Parliament (called in 1832) which passed the reform Bill, only sat five months and twenty-six days.

Dignity Falling.—Gov. Palmer, of Vermont, appointed the last day for the current year at a time when the courts of four counties were in session—in consequence of which the grand jury of Windham have presented his selection of time "as a general and public inquisy and grievance."

The Bank of Kentucky, at Louisville, commenced operations on the 30th ult. The Frankfort Argus states that "such is the abundance of active capital in that prosperous city, that only about thirty thousand dollars was applied for, every dollar of which was discounted."

A letter from Washington says—"Mr. R. Whitney is to take the place of Mr. Pickett, as Superintendent of the Patent Office." Another account states that John T. Sullivan will succeed Mr. P.

The common council of the city of New York, have sanctioned a loan of $2,500,000, towards the construction of the water works, from Croton river to that city. It is proposed to obtain the loan in Europe, where money is at a lower rate of interest than in the United States.

In gaming, one man's loss is another's gain; in cheating, one man's loss is another's gain; in trading both parties are gainers; in war both parties are losers.

Fire in the Woods.—On Wednesday of last week, about one o'clock a fire broke out in the woods about five miles northeast of this place, and before it was got under, about one o'clock at night, run over at least one thousand acres of land, consuming every thing in its course. About 100 cords of wood in piles were burnt. The fire was no doubt the work of design. The loss to the owners of the land cannot be less than one thousand dollars.—*Bridgeton Whig.*

The Newark people have got on their rail road, which is all the rage there, a new car, of an entirely new construction, being a sort of moving house with two stories.

The bridge over the raceway of the Delaware Falls Company, just above Trenton, was carried away by the flood, caused by the late storm. Some floating timber had collected against the wooden posts supporting the bridge, and the resistance opposed by these to the current, was the cause of the accident, which otherwise could not have happened.

Affairs in Canada appear to be approaching a crisis. It is said that the members of Assembly for this province have resolved not to obey the royal summons to meet in Provincial Parliament on the 30th May, communicated by the Governor in Chief by circular letter, and also that they will not meet the Royal Commissioners, unless it shall appear that he was named to the office by the parliament as well as the King.

March of Mind.—We learn from the Albany Advertiser, that a bill is now before the higher branch of the Legislature in New York, to restore *imprisonment for debt*; to arrest on Sundays; and make the wife criminate her husband!

A young man lately committed suicide in Paris, bequeathing his body to his parents, and stating the cause to be his extreme personal ugliness, which had rendered him odious to the fair sex.

A new species of poisons has been introduced in the province of Ardeche, France. One small root of half an ounce produced 48 pounds; and two bulbs in two years six cart loads!

The private fortune of Louis Philippe, King of the French, is said to amount to twenty-five millions of dollars.

Mowing Machine.—The Western Farmer, a new agricultural paper published at Cincinnati, contains a plate representation of a machine to cut grain in the field by horse power, something like the horse rake. The machine is on wheels, which are driven close beside the standing grain, with cutting instruments projecting into it, and moved by a cog-wheel. To keep the straw erect while it is cut, two rows of pikes, one above the other, point forward into the grain, and the cutters play between them.

Cold winters done near.—A German Professor, Saltzer, has published a pamphlet to prove there will not be any severe winters for the next 100 years.

An English sporting critic says, it depends very much upon the person in the saddle, whether a horse is worth £30 or £300.

A new oratorio by Mr. C. E. Horn, of New York, is about to be produced. It is founded on Milton's Paradise Lost, the words of which are used without alteration. The music is said to be excellent; and those who have heard the piece rehearsed predict its complete success.

The New Jersey Rail Road Company, have resolved to prosecute their work to a completion between Jersey City and New Brunswick during the ensuing season. The road promises to be useful and profitable.

Twenty millions of dollars worth of lumber are annually exported from the State of Maine.

The land on which Cincinnati, Ohio, stands, sold within 40 years for 47 dollars!

Mrs. Melmoth, the actress, bought a piece of land on Long Island, about thirty years ago, for $300, which sold a few weeks since for $54,000.

Information Wanted.—We wish information from some of the 40,000 office holders, connected with Uncle Sam's Post Office, in regard to *dead newspapers*. Is it the duty of Postmasters to notify the publishers when newspapers remain uncalled for in their respective offices? If so, how many days, weeks, months, or years, are they to accumulate, before notice be given? The law, gentlemen, as you "understand it."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Swiss army is reckoned at 100,000 men, including 30,000 militia.

Cincinnati (Ohio).—This city was prostrated by the "Veto;" she is now surviving loss from it; business of every kind is very brisk; produce high beyond all precedent; her merchants will *clear*, upon the produce of the hog alone, $600,000 this season! There are great preparations making for buildings, and Real Estate is rapidly advancing; the present population is upwards of thirty thousand and fast increasing."

Nearly half France is cultivated—a twentieth in vines, an eighth in meadows, a ninth in forests, a thirteenth in marshes. The average bushels of grain to the acre, is about 48—the maximum in the north. The annual agricultural products are 2,775,000,000 francs. Therefore, there is but 264 pounds of grain to each inhabitant the whole year! Hence, in bad seasons, there is want; and France since 1828, has purchased 240 millions of francs of grain from abroad, and sold in that time only 28 millions!

When shall there be an end of Discovery?—A diamond, weighing upwards of five dwts. was found on the plantation of Mr. Philip Brooks, in the county of Prince Edward, by one of his children, who, it is supposed, was attracted by the rays of light emitted from its surface. It has been examined by several scientific gentlemen, among whom was the Professor of Chemistry at Hampden Sydney College, all of whom pronounce it the pure carbon. The discovery of this great treasure, appears to have been the work of Providence, for Mr. Brooks was a very poor man, and besides, is much involved. Since the discovery, however, he may occupy the station that he formerly did, as regards the riches of this world. *Mr. Brooks is disposed to sell.—Rich. Inq.*

A person near London recently attempted to walk 7 miles in 60 minutes, and lost his wager by 30 seconds. He had 9 minutes 37 seconds to do the last mile in, but his strength was over-tasked and he failed in the attempt.

A dreadful casualty occurred on the 24th ult. in the family of Mrs. Silvera, near Concord, N. H. While Mrs. S. was sitting on the hearth in her house, teaching three of her children to read, the whole chimney, from some defect in the foundation, suddenly gave way, and carried with it Mrs. S. and the children to the bottom of the cellar. One of the children, a boy six years old, was killed. Another, a little girl, was so shockingly burnt by the hot bricks that she is not expected to recover. Mrs. S. and the oldest boy, though badly bruised, are not considered in danger.

The Athenians, under Theseus, were the first to abandon the practice, formerly general among the Greeks, of going constantly armed, and who introduced a civil dress, in contradistinction to the military. According to Plutarch, Theseus coined money, which was rare in Greece two centuries after.

Marriage.—I never knew a marriage expressly for money, that did not end unhappy. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they shall not have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a great number would be far happier single. If I may judge from my own observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.

Fainting Fits.—Fits, by the way, are strange things. Like the hen bird, which has the faculty of retaining her egg till an appropriate nest is built and ready for its reception, so a lady seems to have the power of bottling up her

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Hickel, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1835.

ASHES.			
Pot,	cwt	5 25	
Pearl,		7 25	
BUTTER.			
Tub,	lb	11	12½
Firkin No. 1		11	11
No. 2		10	11
No. 3		8	9½
COAL.			
Lehigh,	ton	4 50	5
Schuylkill,		4 25	5
COFFEE. Duty 5 cts per lb.			
Java,		12½	14
St. Domingo,		11	12
Porto Rico,		12	13
Cuba,		11½	12
Maracaibo		11	12
Laguyra,		12½	13
Jamaica,			
Rio,		10½	12½
COTTON. Duty 3 cts per lb.			
Louisiana,		14	21
Mobile,		17	19
N. Alb. and Ten.			
S. C. and Geo.		17½	19
N. C. and Va.		17½	19
DYEWOODS.			
To Pittsburgh, per canal,		100 lbs	1 12½ 2 87½
Wheeling, private,			
FLOUR and MEAL.			
Susquehna,	bbl	6 00	6 25
Fine,			
Rye,			
Shipping,			
Corn meal,		3 75	4 00
Do. to bbls.		18 00	20 00
GRAIN.			
Rye Pennsylv.		1 00	1 10
Rye, Southern,		90	1 00
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 25	1 32
do. South. bush.		1 20	1 25
Corn, L. C. white,		80	85
do. L. C. yellow,		85	90
do. U. C. round,		85	90
Oats, Pennsylv.		45	50
Southern,			
Barley, Eastern,			
do. Pennsyl.			
HOPS.			
Intsect, 1834, lbs			16
MOLASSES.			
New Orleans,		26	33
Sugar-house,		27	30
do. N. York,		47	48
do. Philad.		46	46
do. Bicker.		46	50
Trinidad,		31	32
Porto Rico,		33	35
English French Is.		35	39
Hav. & Matanzas,		36	39
MACKEREL.			
No. 1,	bbl	7 25	7 50
No. 2,		7 00	7 12½
No. 3,		5 37½	5 50
OIL.			
Linseed, Am. from			1 33
do.			1 37½
Whale, Dutch,			1 75
Whale,	gal.	40	44
Sperm, winter,		1 40	1 60
Sperm, summer,		1 50	1 65
PLASTER PARIS			
In Delaware, ton		2 25	2 50
In Schuylkill,		2 37½	2 50
SEEDS.			
Clover,	bush	3 25	4 50
Flaxseed, rough			2 00
do. clean, sack			
Timothy,	bbl	1 50	2 75
Herds,	bush		
Orchard grass,		2 00	2 25
WHISKEY.			
Rye, in bbls			32½
do. bbls			27 29
do. from wagons			
WOOL.			
Prime, Saxony fleece			
Merino,			
Am. wash, full blood,		55	
do. do. blood,		50	55
do. do. blood,		44	48
do. do. and com.		38	42
do. do. half blood,		31	34
do. do. blood,		21	25
do. do. blood,		21	25
do. do. and com.		18	20
Pulled lambs,		41	47
No. 1, do.		26	44
No. 2, do.		20	25
No. 3, do.			
Factory, clean,			
Spanish, R. F. & S.			
do. lambs,		75	1 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, May 9, 1835.

☞ Mr. William B. Donn, has been appointed one of our collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of James S. Farmer, resigned.

Our friends at the following named places, are cautioned against paying subscriptions, &c. to the late agents, as they neglect or refuse to make any returns of the sums they have collected.

Mobile, Alabama, late agent, John F. Fagles.
Ellicott's Mills, Md. late agent, S. S Palmer.
Troy, Missouri, late agent, John S. Besser.
Smokey Ordinary, Virginia, Edw. C. Smith.

The manufactory of *Gold's Union Cooking Stoves*, referred to in our last No., has been located at No. 21 south Seventh street. By an advertisement in this paper, some strong testimonials of its superior advantages are laid before our readers, who are recommended to call and examine the article, and they will be satisfied of its utility and economy.

Places of Amusement.—We shall probably confer a favour upon our friends in the country, by pointing out to them places where they may dispose of their loose change. Every person who comes to this city, either on business or pleasure, proposes to spend money, and in truth we know of no place where it can be more readily disposed of. Here, for instance, is a catalogue of the places of amusement now open:

The Philadelphia Museum, in the Arcade. An attractive exhibition at all times, where an infinite number of curiosities may be seen and examined. The place of *Harrington*, the ventriloquist, whose entertainments were so delightful, is now filled by Dr. Weldon, and his grand hydro-oxygen Microscope, which magnifies a bed-bug to the extent of forty feet, and a flea to the size of an Elephant.

The American Museum, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, is a rising rival. The evening's entertainments are made up of various curiosities, Mr. Henry's ventriloquism, the conflagration of Moscow, &c.

Schweighoffer exhibits *leaderdemain* and natural magic in the saloon of the Odd Fellow's Hall, Fifth below Walnut street. He has been in the city for some time, and moves about from room to room, as if he were difficult to please. A representation of the Cities of the Plain, or the Last Day of Sodom and Gomorrah, is connected with this exhibition.

The Artists of the city have an exhibition, at 194 Chesnut street, of paintings and works of art. The collection embraces a great number of very creditable works. The exhibition is for the benefit of the Artists' fund.

In addition to these, we have the Chesnut and Walnut street Theatres, both open every evening. At the former, Power is fulfilling a farewell engagement, and Hill, the Yankee, is at the latter.

The stock operations of the city continue as brisk as ever, and the spirit of speculation appears to be not yet at its height. The subscription books to the stock of the *Northern Bank of Kentucky* closed on Tuesday last, about fifty thousand shares having been subscribed. This will give, in pro rata distribution, about one share for every ten.

We append the dividends of some of the Banks in this city, for the last six months. They are unusually heavy. The other banks make dividends in January and July.

Mechanics' Bank,		6 per cent.
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,		4 "
Commercial	do.	4½ "
Girard	do.	4 "
Kensington	do.	5 "
Southwark	do.	5 "
Schuylkill	do.	3½ "
Western	do.	3 "
Manufac. and Mechanics'	do.	4 "
Northern Liberties	do.	5 "
Philadelphia	do.	3 "
Farmers' (Bristol)	do.	4 "

Very important intelligence from England will be found in another column, relating to the defeat and subsequent resignation of the new tory Ministry. The conservative party, it will be seen, have been utterly unable to sustain themselves, and the government will again go into the hands of the whigs. The cause of Reform seems to be progressing. A London paper, in anticipation of the resignation of Sir Robert Peel, held this decided language:

"If the British Ministry be driven out of office, the whole patronage of the Irish Government must be under O'Connell's feet—the whole policy of the Irish Government must be under his suggestion—his fifty votes will hold the fate of the British Cabinet, whether its chief be Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Hume, Mr. Ward, Sir S. Whaley or Lord J. Russell, at his own precarious mercy."

The political circles in London give the following list of the new Cabinet:

First Lord of the Treasury, Viscount Melbourne.
Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice.
Home Department, Lord Duncannon.
Colonial Secretary, Mr. Ellice.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Mulgrave.
Secretary, Sir John Cam Hobhouse.
Board of Trade, Mr. Warburton.
Lord Chancellor, Mr. Bickersteth.
Woods and Forests, Mr. Littleton.

The publication of Mrs. Butler's Journal will, we hope, have at least one good effect, that of making our citizens more cautious and careful in their reception of money-seeking foreigners. There are very many of small reputation at home, who come here for no other purpose than to mend their broken down fortunes, and when that object is obtained, by dissimulation, flattery and artifice, they delight in endeavouring to throw ridicule and contempt upon our country, our people and our institutions. If the character of Miss Kemble had been fully known when she first set foot upon our shores, she would not have been permitted to appear at any Theatre in the United States, and in reference to those who come after her, we should be well satisfied as to their objects and feelings before they receive any encouragement.

This remark may apply as well to authors as to actors, for a precious sample of fortune hunters are those who have lately made the tour of our country. Hall, Hamilton, Trollope, Fiddler, and Butler appear to be of one and the same stamp—all governed by the same uncorquerable prejudice against America, and all delighting in the vulgar abuse characteristic of the unenlightened and illiberal Englishman. We have no fists and actors of our own who deserve public favours, dinners and benefits and other marks of respect, so nobly as any from across the water, and it should be our business to attend to those, and to such as have taken up their permanent abode on our shores, rather than to encourage the casual visits of idle adventurers whose true level is much lower than they would have us believe.

MARKET-HOUSES.

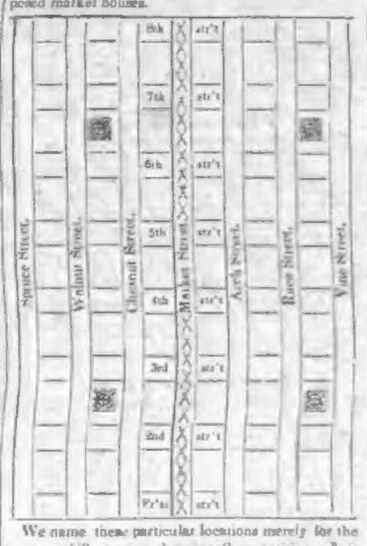
A subject of much interest, connected with the location of our market-houses, will, it is probable, soon be submitted to the consideration of the inhabitants of the city proper. A project is on foot to change entirely the present arrangement, as connected with our principal market in High street, and from the favor shown it by many persons who have thought on the subject, it will unquestionably be strongly urged.

There are two principal objections to the present continuous range of market-houses, which are deserving of attentive consideration. The first is, that it causes great and serious inconvenience, on account of distance, to citizens north of Race and south of Walnut street. Those house keepers who reside any distance north or south of High street, and west of Sixth, say in the vicinity of Race and Ninth, or Spruce and Tenth, are obliged to walk nearly a mile before they can purchase provision for their tables, and the labour of conveying home their well-filled baskets is a matter of no small moment on a warm day. This inconvenience is felt by perhaps three-fourths of our entire population, as it is only to those who reside in the blocks comprised between Arch and Chesnut streets, that the present arrangement of our market-houses is desirable, and even these labour under some embarrassment from the very absurd classification of the markets, as regards the various kinds of provision.—Fish, for instance, are confined almost exclusively to one section of the range, vegetables to another and meat to a third, while the very useful and perhaps essential articles furnished by citizens of New Jersey, can scarcely be procured except in a particular block. All this is in bad taste, as the purchaser who wishes to purchase marketing for a large family, or a quantity sufficient for several days, must walk over nearly the whole range, from the Delaware to Eighth street, before he can be satisfactory supplied.

The other principal objection is, that the market houses in High street are a serious embarrassment to the trade of the city, and occupy ground that might be applied, much more advantageously, to another purpose. Let any one who attempts to pass along High street, on a market day in the busy season of the year, take note of the obstructions on the side-walk—the accumulation of bales and boxes—the congregations of merchants and their customers—the operations of draymen and wagoners, with their vehicles—and he will perceive at a glance, that the space between the market-houses and the stores is totally insufficient for the amount of business transacted.—There is not sufficient elbow room, and vexations, delays and confusion, are the necessary consequence, and almost invariably fall upon those who have business to transact in that street. Besides this, the construction of a rail-road—or if that be considered objectionable—a tram-way—is entirely out of the question while the present market-houses stand, and without such rail-road or tram-way, the trade of Market street, and of the city generally, will never prosper as it should. The western trade, it must be remembered, has now become a matter of vital importance to our city, and the completion of our chain of improvements to Pittsburg, has given an impetus to business which has been felt more or less, in its beneficial operations, by every citizen. This impetus, however, is but the *beginning* of prosperity—the first evidence of success—for the connection of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canals—a project now reduced to a certainty, by perhaps more than one route,—will as much increase our present operations in trade, as did the Pennsylvania Canal those of former years. Nay, we can scarcely question that if the proper course be pursued, in relation to the present projected improvements in the west, the business transactions of the merchants of Philadelphia will, in a short time, be quadrupled. It is therefore, we conceive, of great importance that room should be made for this increase of business—facilities must be afforded, and every thing must be done that can be done to encourage and stimulate our onward progress.

One essential facility for this increase of business is, a diminution in the labour and expense of conveying goods on drays to the Schuylkill canal or to the rail road in Broad street, now exceedingly onerous on account of our wretched rough pavements. This can easily be obtained by a tram-way—or solid pavement of large flat flag stones—between the two rivers on both sides of High street, the one being used for vehicles going west, and the other for the return drays. Tram-ways are liable to many of the objections made against rail-roads, and they are said to answer an admirable purpose in lessening the labour of draught on heavy articles of merchandise. For their construction in High street, the removal of the market-houses will be necessary, and this course, we understand, is about to be strongly urged upon the attention of our City Councils.

In connection with the removal of the present market-houses, *the erection of others, in convenient parts of the city, must, of course, be considered.* Very few persons, we imagine, will be in favor of another continuous range of stalls, of several squares in extent, after the experience of inconvenience we have had on the subject, and it is therefore a matter of some importance that a system which has elsewhere been found advantageous, should be adopted. We know of no plan that has been found more satisfactory, than that of having market-houses erected in the middle of squares, in several parts of the city, each house being complete in itself, and calculated to accommodate the venders of every kind of provision. In the place of the present market houses, it may be necessary, in order to supply our citizens, to construct four others, of smaller dimensions, say one at Race and Third streets, a second at Race and Seventh, a third at Walnut and Third, and a fourth at Walnut and Seventh. To explain our meaning more fully, we append a diagram embracing these several locations, the dark squares representing the proposed market houses.



We name these particular locations merely for the purpose of illustrating the general proposition. It is possible that there may be no vacancy on the sites we have named, but sufficient space can no doubt be obtained, somewhere in the vicinity. The leading advantages of this plan are—that it leaves Market street open to the operations of trade, removes the inconvenience of long and fatiguing walks to market—and places a full and abundant supply of provisions of all kinds, within two or three squares of every citizen of the eastern section of the city. Hereafter it may become necessary to multiply these markets, particularly in the western section, and if the same general plan is preserved, the same general advantages will unquestionably follow.

We have deemed it proper to devote some space to this subject, with the view of engaging the attention and eliciting the views of our intelligent and reflecting readers, and we will, with great pleasure, give place to well written articles, of reasonable length, on either side of the question.

Balloon Ascension.—Mr. Wise made quite a successful balloon ascension on Friday, 1st inst. He started from a lot at the corner of Ninth and Green streets, cheered on by the shouts of a vast multitude. About five hundred persons entered the vast enclosure, and eight or ten thousand men, women and children occupied the streets and house tops of the surrounding neighborhood. He attempted to start exactly at four, but unable to proceed, he was compelled to throw out several bags of ballast—and still unable to ascend, he took off his coat, hat and shoes, threw them to the ground, and rose upwards with considerable celerity. The balloon for the first half hour was borne to the south west, when passing into another current of air, its direction was changed, and the aeronaut passed over the city, at the distance of about a mile, and in the view of thousands, of all ages, and both sexes. We learn that Mr. Wise returned to the city, with his balloon the same evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, having landed in New Jersey, seven or eight miles from Camden.

DELAWARE AND ATLANTIC RAIL ROAD.

This road commences at the river Delaware, 2½ miles below Bordentown, forming a junction with the Camden and Amboy Rail-road at that place, and runs from thence immediately across the country, passing through the village of Columbus, Jobstown, and Juliustown to New Lisbon, on the edge of the Jersey pines, distant 14 miles from the river. Thus far the road is quite finished, and bids fair to do a good business. Passenger cars are running on the road daily to and from the steam-boat wharf at Bordentown, taking in passengers at the different villages on the road. Immense quantities of wood, lumber, iron coal, &c. are already appearing by the side of the road, ready to go down, and from present appearances a heavy transportation will go up, such as lime, ore, store goods, &c. &c. Extensive boarding houses will no doubt be built on this line, and a large one is now under contract to be finished by the first of June ensuing, at the end of the first division, near New Lisbon, and it is proverbial that the New Jersey pines for salubrity of air, good water, and promotion of health, cannot be surpassed by any place in the United States or elsewhere. The road, so far as it goes, is on the most direct course across the State of New Jersey, from the Delaware river to the Atlantic shore, and by a supplement to the first act of incorporation (which extended to New Lisbon) a new grant is given to extend the road through the pines to the sea shore, with the privilege of increasing their stock to $100,000. An accurate preliminary survey and estimate has been lately made by a competent engineer, whose report is favourable to the extension of the road, the ground being generally level, and of easy gradation. The route passes through immense tracts of wood land, which will be made available, and passing through the village of Manahawkin, ends at the bay side about three miles below the same, at a place called Poplar Point, where there is a good harbour and sufficient depth of water at all times for large vessels. Persons acquainted with the sea shore and the products thereof, the extensive tracts of woodland country the road passes through, and with the different articles of transportation, passengers, &c., will see at one view the necessity of extending the road to the sea shore. It is understood that the subscription books will be opened for that purpose about the middle of this month when it is confidently believed the stock will be taken as there is every prospect of it being a safe and profitable investment of capital.

The most severe rebuke which Mrs. Butler's Journal has elicited, is that contained in a communication published in the Washington Intelligencer of Tuesday last, signed "*Mr. —— the old gentleman.*" It appears that this individual, a respectable citizen of Washington, was presented by Mr. Kemble with letters of introduction from some friends in Europe, strongly urging him to use his exertions in behalf of the professional success of Mr. K. and his daughter. The gentleman so appealed to, did use his exertions, and successfully, in behalf of the actor and his daughter, and was mainly instrumental, at the urgent solicitations of Mr. Kemble himself, in quieting the disturbance which was created in Washington, by Miss Kemble's contemptuous remarks on Americans. For these kindnesses, most disinterestedly offered, he is *rewarded* in the Journal by a distinct paragraph of abuse, in which he is spoken of as a person "old enough to know better"—a twaddling old gentleman, &c.

The "old gentleman," however, shows himself to be a man of spirit as well as good sense, in exposing this most foul act of ingratitude upon the part of the supercilious actress. In a long communication he furnishes the whole facts of the case, and if they are true, as we doubt not they are, they certainly present the unamiable authoress in a most repulsive light. The excitement in Washington against Miss Kemble, it appears, originated in some offensive and vulgar remarks which she made to an American gentleman whom she mistook for an Englishman.

An election for Constables was held in the district of Southwark, on Monday last. The friends of Gov. Wolf supported one ticket, and the friends of Muhlenburg and the Whigs united upon another. The Wolf ticket succeeded by a majority of about 300. We are told that there was much desperate fighting, in the vicinity of the Southwark hall, in the evening. The votes were as follows:

Wolf ticket.		*Opposition.*	
John F. Keyser	917	W. H. Brown	855
Thos. Tully	1028	Jas. McGinnis	735
Robt. Berryman	918	Jas. McCluskey	687
John Force	918	Nath. Gates	706

For the Sat. Even. Post.

OFFICES FOR LIFE.

Mr. Editor—In the Sat. Even. Post of April 18th, is published an editorial article in reference to the vote which is to be taken in October next, on a call of a convention. In that article, which is evidently written to favor the call, are several errors of misrepresentation. Will you allow me, Sir, to correct one of them?

It is in these words—"Our Judges, Justices of the Peace, and Aldermen, are appointed *for life* by the Governor."

Now, Sir, I assert that there is no such tenure of office in Pennsylvania, as *for life*. That this assertion may be fully established and shewn to be incapable of refutation, I shall be obliged to you to allow me to make a few extracts from the Constitution of Pennsylvania. The Second Section of the V. article has the sentence—"The *Judges* of the Supreme Court, and of the several courts of Common Pleas, shall hold their offices during *good behaviour*. But, for any reasonable cause, which shall not be sufficient ground of impeachment, the Governor may remove any of them on the address of two thirds of the Legislature."

Thus you see, Sir, that "*our Judges*" are not only subject to removal by Impeachment, but also by a vote of two thirds of the Legislature. With respect to the tenure of offices of "Justices of Peace and Aldermen," the Constitutional provision is in the 10th section of the V. article of the Constitution, in the words following:—

"The Governor shall appoint a competent number of Justices of the Peace, in each convenient district, in each county, as are or shall be directed by law; they shall be commissioned during good behaviour, but may be removed on conviction of misbehaviour in office, or of any infamous crime, or on the address of both houses of the Legislature."

Thus it will be seen that "our Justices of the Peace and Aldermen" are not only not appointed "for life," but may be removed on impeachment—on address—or on conviction of misbehaviour in office, or of any infamous crime. The number of Judges, Justices and Aldermen, who have been removed from office, under these Constitutional provisions, is conclusive that this section of the Constitution is not a dead letter, and that these officers are not appointed "for life." I desire you, Sir, to do justice and correct this error or misrepresentation. I the more desire this correction, because I know that there are many thousands of our citizens who have heard so much said about life-offices, that they honestly believe that these are such offices in Pennsylvania.

Believing that the evidence I have adduced will satisfy any reasonable man, as to the basis on the Constitution which have been published; the attempts which have been made to abuse the public; and to rap the foundation of an instrument, under which, for a great many years, we have been protected in the exercise of all our rights, and in the enjoyment of our properties, and have had the happiness to see Pennsylvania progress in prosperity as fast as any of her sister states, I respectfully ask its publication.

A CONSTITUTIONALIST.

Since writing the above, I have referred to the minutes of the Convention which formed the present Constitution of this State, and find, that in the first draft of the Constitution, it was proposed that Justices of the Peace should be "commissioned for — years." When this part of the Constitution came before the Convention, "William Findley" of Westmoreland County, moved "to strike out the words for — years" and to insert in lieu thereof—*during good behaviour.*" On the question—"Will the Convention agree to the same?"—the yeas and nays were called; the yeas were 52 and the nays 7. Thus a majority of more than seven to one, in the Convention, voted in favor of the magistracy being commissioned "during good behaviour," in preference to any number of years, or any other tenure of office. I need not remind you, Sir, that in the Convention of 1789-90 were many of the soundest heads and purest hearts in our country.

Our correspondent makes a distinction between offices *for life*, and offices held *during good behaviour*, but the difference is very slight and unimportant. Judges and Magistrates, on being convicted of any "infamous crime" may be removed from office, but without such conviction are they not appointed for life? The evident import of the article in the Constitution, quoted by "A Constitutionalist," is, that the officers there named are to be appointed for life, and it is only in the event of a contingency—a contingency which would involve the administration of Justice in disgrace, and endanger the rights, the peace and the safety of society, that the term of office can be shortened, and the Judge or Justice removed. The objections to our remarks made by our correspondent, are therefore entirely sophistical.

The remark of "A Constitutionalist" in relation to the number of Judges, &c. who have actually been removed for bad behaviour, adds no force to his argument, as the instances of removal which can be cited, are exceedingly rare and isolated. We know of but two instances of removal by address of the legislature, during a period of many years. Editor.

The use of malt liquors has done much to aid the cause of temperance in this country. It is now considered almost disgraceful for a young man to be seen drinking spirituous liquors. Good ale is an excellent article, and among that which stands high among connoisseurs, we may mention Perot's, the manufacture of which has lately been much improved. The small beer made by our brewers, a pleasant and innocent beverage, is now retailed at one cent a glass, in many shops. This arrangement, we have no doubt, will finally triumph over the noxious and unwholesome intoxicating liquors that have so long contributed to the destruction of multitudes.

A fire broke out on Friday morning, in the boat building establishment of Mr. Hill, in the vicinity of Swanson and Christian streets, Southwark. That and the adjoining block-making shop of Myer & Patterson, was entirely destroyed. The fire raged with great fury for a time, owing to the combustible nature of the materials in both buildings. The loss is considerable.

The proprietors of the American Museum, at Fifth and Chesnut streets, are now exhibiting a grand solar Microscope, of strong magnifying powers. Mites on figs and cheese appear as large as rabbits, and eels in vinegar, from 3 to 6 feet in length. The Microscope is exhibited every clear day, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

By John Hall, principal of the Bonn School, Ellington, Tolland Co. Conn.

Another treatise on this interesting and fertile topic. The author has long been favourably known to the community as practically acquainted with the subject on which he has written. This small memorial is the fruit of an experience, detailed under different heads, on which every parent and teacher must feel the need of monition. Though the press has recently contributed liberally to this department of invention, yet upon perusal, the public will discover that the excellent author has not been doing a work of supererogation. We commend it to the attention of all who are interested in the well being, both present and future of the rising generation. S. J.

COMMUNICATION.

A very useful Institution which has been in contemplation for years, will be established in the city, as it appears by an advertisement, that the subscription will be open next week.

We understand that this new Institution is an improvement upon the actual Savings Banks or Institutions, where depositors will be allowed six per cent. per annum at compound interest; while the subscribers or share holders will be entitled to extra profits, amounting altogether from one to four per cent additional, or seven to ten per cent per annum. The plan which has been explained and printed, evinces that it will be a safe, profitable and useful Institution. Checks are to be put on the management to which other Institutions are liable, while every kind of safe business will be available. The share holders and depositors themselves are eventually to control the Institution, and ask for a charter if they like.

The French Claims.—We find in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, the following letter, which has a favorable reference to the indemnity bill:

"Havre, April 11.—The Poland has just gone out of port, but will wait a short time in the roads for the letters received this morning from Paris by Escalette. We should not have been sorry if she could have waited until to-morrow morning, as we think it very probable the vote on the indemnity bill will be taken today. We have not a doubt of the bill passing, nor that the majority will be a large one, say from 70 to 80 in our favor. The Erie will sail on the 15th inst. for New York, and the Albany on the 24th.

Frankford.—We learn that at the election which took place at Frankford, on Monday last, F. J. Harper and Philip Barned, Esqs. were unanimously elected Burgesses, and John G. Teese, Robert Glenn, Abram H. Duffield, Joseph Deal, and Jeremiah Horrick, Esqs. Assistant Burgesses.

Steam Boat Explosion on the Hudson.—We find in the *New York Star*, an account of a steam boat disaster, which occurred on Monday afternoon. The "new steam boat Advocate, while landing at the Corporation's wharf, burst out the after ends of two of her boilers, with such violence as to make a complete wreck of both her cabins, in fact carrying away the whole after ends of the ladies' cabins, with such force as to throw some of the fragments a distance of about 150 feet. By the unfortunate accident ten or twelve persons are injured, some dangerously, among them the following:—Mr. Bronck, ex Comptroller, very bad: Col. Butler, of Kinderhook, (brother of the attorney general) bad; master Terry, of Hudson, bad; Mr. Caldwell, do, not very bad; master Bushnell, do, slightly.—The ladies' names could not be ascertained. The explosion is represented to have been as loud as the report of a six pounder.

We understand that the boat is on the high pressure principle, and that the accident was owing to the accumulation of steam in the boilers, whilst she was lying at the dock. She was built on the ferry plan, with the wheel in the middle. She is entirely new, and was intended to run between Hudson and Albany, and this was her fourth trip. The *De Witt Clinton*, Capt. Seymour, came on her way down from Albany soon after the accident, and landed two of the passengers at Hudson."

Michigan.—This splendid territory, but a short time since a howling wilderness, is filling up with almost unexampled rapidity. We learn from a gentleman recently arrived from Detroit, that the tide of emigration flows in with increasing rather than diminishing strength: and that it might be thought from the numbers crowding to the west that New England had been loosened from her foundations and is precipitating herself upon the West. Thousands on thousands of families will probably settle in Michigan this season. The prairies are assuming the aspect of cultivation; the forests are bowing "beneath the sturdy stroke" of the settler; new mills are being erected on the streams; and villages and towns are springing, as by magic, in the bosom of the wilderness. The natural advantages of Michigan are very great; and we have every reason to believe that she will soon become one of the most flourishing and perhaps one of the most powerful members of our national sisterhood.

Moving Day.—The New York papers are "most maneal, most melancholy" on the horrors of their annual moving day. On the first of May in New York, "Chaos is come again." That old and goodly city seems loosened from its foundation, and all moveable things, men and women, goods and chattels are in motion. The editor of the Commercial gives the following on the subject.

We could, if we would, indite a very moving paragraph on the subject of removal, having had experience in former years; but there is a certain scrap of metre that has been lying *perdue* in our desk for the last six months, waiting its turn with all imaginable patience; and that we think, will save us the trouble of doing up a eulogue of migratory miseries.

THE MOVING DAY.

Bustle, bustle, clear the way,
He moves, we move, they move to-day.
Pulling, hauling, fathers calling,
Mothers bawling, children squalling,
Coaxing, teasing, whingering, prattling,
Pots and pans, and kettles rattling,
Tumbling bedsteads, flying bed-spreads,
Broken chairs, and hollow wares,
Screw the street—'tis moving day.

Bustle, bustle, stir about,
Some moving in—some moving out;
Some move by team, some move by hand,
An annual callithumpian band.
Landlords dunning, tenants shunning;
Laughing, crying, dancing, sighing—
Sellers dying, leathers flying,
Shaking bed cords, killing bed bugs.
Scampering rats, mewing cats,
Whimpering dogs, grunting hogs,
What's the matter? moving day.

The Deaf Made to Speak.—At the public examination of the pupils of the West of England Institution, at Exeter, for the deaf and dumb, on Wednesday, three boys were brought forward to exhibit the progress made by them in articulated sounds. The extraordinary part of art has been entirely introduced by Mr. Gordon, and its exhibition struck every one with astonishment. Two of the voices, though not melodious, were by no means disagreeable in tone, but one of them was exceedingly so; this, however, is only a temporary evil, as the voice improves by use, and the defect was attributed by Mr. Gordon to weakness in the vocal muscles for want of practice. These boys answered various simple questions which were put to them; the only means they had of understanding the questions, was by observing the motion of the lips.—One of them repeated the Lord's prayer very distinctly, to the astonishment of the auditory. Dr. Pennell inquired how they were first taught to utter so much corresponding with those uttered by the teacher. Mr. Gordon said that the child was desired to feel the chest or throat of the teacher while he spoke the words, and by the vibration of the muscle he might tell when a corresponding sensation was produced in his own frame, and thus approximate towards a correct imitation of the sound uttered by the teacher. He demonstrated this by placing a panel before him, and putting his hands on each side of the pupil's throat; the boy feared his own hands firmly on Mr. Gordon's neck, and looking steadily at his lips, imitated the motion of his teacher's lips, and mouth, and tongue. In this manner he articulated the same sound uttered by the teacher.—*Western Luminary.*

Gallantry.—The ladies of Auburn, (N. Y.) must be peculiarly attractive—they certainly are highly honored. We find the following in the Auburn Patriot.

A Card.—The ladies of Auburn beg leave to apologize to the young gentlemen, for having so long neglected noticing their kindness in remaining without the Fire and Second Presbyterian churches, after their arrival, to assist (should their assistance be needed and acceptable) to pick up gloves, handkerchiefs, &c. or to notice any occurrence calculated to afford them amusement. As we do not wish to burden the gentlemen too much, we would propose that a committee be appointed from the several churches to attend to this business. Accordingly, hereafter we shall consider those who remain around the doors of the churches, as appointed to this most enviable station.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

May 1—Received from

J. H. Lockwood,	$5 00
M. Waring, Jr., nett	9 25
J. B. Myers,	10 00
O. Rawson, nett	81
Wm. C. Lennan,	1 00
Rich. McClure, Esq.	2 00
Jesse Cole, Esq.	5 00
John A. Judd, Esq.	2 00
Richd. Marsh, Esq.	3 00
Adam Whann, Esq.	2 00

May 2.

Martin McCall, nett	2 50
Joseph D. Bryan,	5 00
Tunis Forman,	3 00
Revel C. Baker,	1 00
Jas. F. Smith, Esq.	5 40
Jas. Barnade, Esq.	5 00
K. Tyner, Esq.	10 00
J. Squire, Jr. Esq.	4 00
Saml. Phillips, Esq.	2 00
T. Trezevant, Esq.	10 00
Gilbert S. Judd, Esq.	2 00
T. R. Brown, Esq.	4 00
T. O. H. Creswell, Esq.	3 00
J. W. Allen, Esq. (yea)	1 00
Joel Elliott,	2 50
Rich. Gladner, nett	4 50

May 4.

Harvey Ord,	4 00
Alanson Hawley, Esq.	3 00
J. Hamilton, Esq.	1 00
David Brooks, Esq.	2 00
J. Durland, Esq.	5 00
R. C. Brown, Esq.	5 00
James Moore, Esq.	2 00

Received from

W. J. Langley, Esq.	7 00

May 5.

Robert L. Baker,	10 00
J. R. Barr,	20 00
J. W. Trumbull,	35 00
Richard A. Lapham,	2 00
J. T. Andrews,	2 00
M. Ikard,	5 00
John M. Holmes,	5 00
J. S. Olmsted, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Norton, Esq.	2 00
D. Shaffer Esq.	5 00
W. W. Pappe, Esq.	5 00
Justin Clark, Esq.	2 00

May 6.

Joseph T. White,	2 00
Enos Slosson,	5 00
Peter Grinnell, Esq.	10 00
Orrin Nichols, Esq.	2 00
Henry Mott, Esq.	5 00
Saml. Rankin, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Stewart, Esq.	2 00
C. Whittlesey, Esq.	1 00

May 7.

M. F. Reynolds,	10 00
T. J. Dobbins,	5 00
Madison Devlin,	2 00
Wm. Ogden,	1 00
Henry Webb, Esq.	2 00
A. A. Williams, Esq.	1 00
Geo. W. Ewer, Esq.	10 00
Rich. McCrate, Esq.	1 00
D. E. Price, Esq.	6 00
W. B. P. Gaines, Esq.	6 00
John Graham, Esq.	2 00

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, from April 25th to May 7.

			par value.
97	Shares	United States Bank, at	110⅞ $100
17	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	113a113½ 100
120	do.	Commercial Bank,	71a72 50
402	do.	Mechanics Bank,	68½a68⅝ 50
7	do.	Penn Township Bank,	39 50
261	do.	Girard Bank,	65½a66 50
70	do.	Manufac. and Mechanics,	74 50
160	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	46a47 25
1916	do.	Phila. Savings Institu.	13¼a14½ 5
197	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	108½a109½ 100
325	do.	Kentucky Bank,	31¾ 30
50	do.	Louisville Bank,	112½ 100
56	do.	Union Bank, Tennessee,	69¼ 60
139	do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,	31½ 40
27	do.	Atlantic Insurance,	65 50
105	do.	County Fire Insurance,	57½ 50
319	do.	Schuylkill Naviga. Co.	14¾a14⅝ 50
1920	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	111¾a112 100
530	do.	Ohio Canal,	6a6¼ 5
440	do.	Sandy and Beaver Canal,	5¾a6¼ 5
1910	do.	New Castle Rail-Road,	37¾a38¾ 25
50	do.	Camden & Amboy R. Road.	144 100
80	do.	Danville & Potts. R. R.	44 50
255	do.	Norristown Rail-Road,	58¾a59¼ 50
40	do.	N. Lib. and Penn Township,	45 35
72	do.	Philad. & Trenton R. R.	103a106 100
672	do.	Harrisburg Rail Road	6a6¾

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE PAWNBROKER.

Who when my fortune moved unkind,
My paunch and pocket both unlined,
Enabled me to raise the wind?
My Uncle!

Who when born down with discontent,
No cash to pay for food or rent,
Hath cleared my heart with "*Money Lent!*"
My Uncle!

In *eloquence* we must agree,
That very few thy match can be;
And long I hope to *spout* with thee—
My Uncle!

While I'm shirt *or* coat have got,
I'm sure I'll never go to pot,
That is the *ticket?* Is it not?
My Uncle!

Full well I know while others slept,
And I in solitude have wept,
Watch for the bard thou kindly kept—
My Uncle!

Alas! although a man of rhyme,
I hope that poverty's no crime;
And may I soon *redeem* my time—
My Uncle!

ANECDOTE.—Mrs. ——— had employed, as a servant, a girl from the back woods, whose predominating quality was ignorance. While the former was one day seated in her parlor, entertaining a bevy of fashionable beauties, the latter appeared at the door, quite in *dishabille*, and acquitted herself of the errand thus:—

"*Marm, the* GENTLEMAN *has called for the* SWILE."—*Boston Paul.*

THE INQUEST.

Poor Peter Pike is drowned, and neighbors say
The Jury mean to *sit* on him to-day.
"Know'st thou what for?" said Tom;
Quoth Ned, "No doubt
'Tis merely done to *scrutinize the water cut.*"

A DIFFICULT CASE.—A fellow, half *seas* over, and tacking on both sides of the way, yesterday inquired the direction to a certain street. 'Keep straight ahead,' was the reply. '*Straight?*' exclaimed the fellow, just ready to go upon the other tack, 'I can't go *that.*'

When do you goto Prayers?—Two boys belonging to the chaplain of two different men of war, entertained each other with an account of their respective manners of living. "How often Jack," says one of them; "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Aye," says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my master, makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than to jump into the sea."

MRS. WALLACK.—The greatest natural actress perhaps that ever trod the minor boards was the mother of James Wallack, doomed to utter the vilest trash ever offered to the public; forced to fetter her feelings with doggrel such as—

"Oh! they have torn away my lovely daughter,
And they will drag her forth to death *and* slaughter."

She could create an interest, and stir her auditors with a power comparable only to Kean's. When James was an infant at her breast, she fitted up a cradle bed for him in the drawer of her dressing-place; when off the stage she took her little charge to her bosom—when called in her duties, popped her little hero into the drawer, and rushed forth to fight combats, spout balderdash, and ride chargers in the precious dramas (?) then acted at Astley's and the Royalty. Her daughter, known many years as Mrs. Stanley of the Cobourg, was a feeble type of what her mother had been; in fact, it is not too much to say that Mrs. Wallack was the Siddons of melodrama.

Mrs. M'Gibbon, and "Jane Shore."—A poor woman used to be ninety years of age, was waiting outside the doors of the Cheltenham theatre two hours before their opening, having walked eight miles to see "Jane Shore," and having the same distance to walk back after the performance. Mrs. M'Gibbon (who was to have enacted the heroine) deeming such devotion to the drama madness, asked her dresser, who narrated the circumstance, if the poor old creature had her intellects—"I don't know, Ma'am," said the girl, 'she's gotten *summat* tied up in her pocket-handkerchief."

MRS. ASTLEY.—A minor actress of much merit, wife of the old gentleman called Young Astley, had such luxuriant hair, that she could stand upright and it covered her to her feet like a veil. She was very proud of these pagan locks, and a slight accident by fire having once befallen them, she resolved ever after to play in a wig; she used, therefore, to wind this immense quantity of hair round her head, and put over it exactly the same coiffure that she wore when it was her own. It exasperated her beyond measure that her head bore about the same proportion to the rest of her figure, that a whale's skull does to its body, and as she played most of the heroines, the reader may judge of the effect.

HENDERSON AND CONYNGE.—Fifty or five and forty years ago, an actor, playing a Roman, would not have bared his throat; black stocks were then worn round the neck in all tragedies. Henderson was one of the first to abolish them, and to affect other improvements; but his example was slowly followed. Some old provincialists still retain the stock, though a more unbecoming adjunct to any dramatic dress can scarcely be conceived. Cushion concludes us to much; Cook, as Peregrine ("John Bull") who enters from a shipwreck, having swam upwards of a mile ashore, dressed in a fashionable black coat, and had his hair *curled and powdered*, and the plated frill of his shirt sticking out three inches before him.

MATHEWS AND MELVIN.—Melvin, of whose eccentricities I spoke in my last, as he had reached the climax of irregularity there detailed, lodged with Mathewsin Stone Gate, York, at the house of Mr. Wright, brother of Miss Macauley. Melvin and Mathews slept in adjoining rooms, divided by a thin partition, and it was "their wont" to rehearse their parts by speaking aloud from one room to the other; as they always studied at night, this made it anything but a peaceful dwelling, and when Melvin had at all exceeded in his potations, he would rehearse his combats too; cutting and slashing at every thing in the room; at last the lodgers received peremptory notice to quit. Mathews, who at all periods of his life deserved and obtained the respect due to a gentleman, was much annoyed, and demanded the cause. "Why, you see," quoth the Yorkshire landlord, "I don't mind your ducks, and cows, and chickens, and sheep early in the morn, 'cause that's natural like; but Maister Melvin murders *every* night now, and my wife can't stand it."—[In explanation of the first part of this sentence, it may be observed, that Mathews practised his imitation of quadrupeds a-bed.]

THE ABSENT MAN.—Old Thornton has been the hero of many a tale; his "absence of mind" was, I am convinced, not affected. When from home, he would put on his clean shirts one after another, omitting the customary process of first taking off the soiled ones. As he walked about whilst he shaved himself, it will not surprise the reader to hear that he frequently went forth half margin and half lather. He generally in dressing put both his stockings on one leg, and then wondered where the deuce the other stocking could be. A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug—it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose—was drawn, and the liquor taken away: in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it refilled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated. the second time he beheld it empty he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not, but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drank their contents. The last instance I relate on the authority of Rucher, the rope-dancer, and others, who were at Dover when it occurred (1800).—Mrs. Thornton was taking a three days trip to the land of frogs, and T., who remained at Dover, went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters, when this colloquy occurred—

T.—"Any letters for me, Sir?"
Office-keeper.—"What name, Sir?"
T.—"Dear me, in the multiplicity of my affairs I can't recollect, I'll call again."

Passing down the street, Richer met him, and saluted him with a "How d'ye do, Mr. Thornton?"

"Thank ye, Sir," replied the manager, "that's the very thing I wanted." He went back and claimed his letters.

A NORTHERN JOKE.—The respectably-dressed and well-looking young fellows in comedies are called walking gentlemen, and this is the probationary line of business usually assigned to young actors. When Mr. B—— came to Edinburg, being then very young and very careless, he incurred divers debts, for which the myrmidons of the law were troubling him; on such occasions it was his wont to run off to a place called the Sanctuary, within the precincts of which a debtor's person is unassailable; scarcely a day passed but Mr. B—— might be seen flying along the streets with an officer after him. All this damnified the respectability of the establishment, and at last the manager told his comedian that he wanted a walking and not a *running* gentleman, and they must part. A man that cannot keep out of debt when he is receiving a good salary, has seldom much chance of doing so when he receives none, therefore poor B—— was soon in such a state that he could not move out of the Sanctuary at all; he applied to the manager to allow him to take a benefit; it was granted, and his creditors consented to let him remain unmolested until the night was over. The house was well filled, the pieces chosen were "Polly an't flies," and "Catch him who can."—Mr. B—— winding up the joke by absconding the moment the curtain fell. The manager was so annoyed that he paid the amount of Mr. B——'s liabilities; but was as much surprised as pleased, a month or two afterwards to receive the sum per post, with this laconic epistle—

"With the heartfelt thanks and deep acknowledgments of "THE EDINBURG GENTLEMAN."

BUYING A PRIZE.

"*There's many a slip between the cup and lip.*"

A fellow not much acquainted with the tricks of dame Fortune, went into a lottery office in Broadway one day since, and wished to purchase the highest prize, which was exhibited before the door in glaring figures, "$30,000!" He was asked if he would have a half ticket or a whole one.

'A whole one, to be sure,' said Hodge, 'there's no use in plaguing one's self with a half a prize; give us the whole or none—twenty thousand dollars, say I.'

He paid the cash, took his ticket, and went away. During the interval between the purchase and drawing, his head ran continually on the twenty thousand dollars. He could not sleep o' nights, or if he slept, it was only to dream of money—of gold and silver by the bushel, or bank bills by the peck—and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was about to possess. His waking reveries—his day dreams as well as his sleeping ones—were of riches. He speculated on the pleasure he would enjoy—on the figure he would cut in the world. He had various plans of employing and enjoying his wealth. He would purchase houses, horses, carriages; he would live in fine style; he would have servants to attend him; and above all, he would eat as much gingerbread and lick as much lasses as he had a mind to. He would also get a handsome wife. The haughty Tabitha Tollboy, who had so long baffled his gallant endeavors, would no more turn up her nose at *Mr. Hodge*—the rich *Mr. Hodge*—Peter Hodge, *Esquire*. He would bring the proud hussy to terms, if he didn't he would eat a live raccoon, that's all.

The drawing took place, and Hodge, after a sleepless night, called at the lottery office for his prize. Walking in with the gait and dignity of a man who comes to receive money, and not to pay it, he laid his ticket upon the counter, and said:

'Now, mister, I will take that little change if it's convenient.'

'Change?'

'Ay, that prize.'

'But, sir, you've drawn a blank.'

'I've drawn! blank! I wonder if I have. I tell you what, mister, I hadn't nothing to do with the drawing—I didn't touch a finger to it. But I purchased a prize of you t'other day of twenty thousand dollars; and so that's what I come after now—so none of your fooling.'

'But I tell you, sir, that your ticket has drawn a blank.'

'Well I don't care if it's drawn a blanket; that's no cousin of mine. All I want is the twenty thousand dollars that I bought and paid for not a week ago.'

'But consider, dear sir'—

'Consider—I'm none of your considering chaps—I always go straight ahead—no quibs and quirks for me—none of your rumfoodling.'

'I tell you sir, you are mistaken.'

'Mistaken! Sir! I am deuced ily mistaken—I thought you was an honest man. But you ace there's no use in trifling with me—I'm a man after my own heart. I purchased the highest prize, and I'll have it by the holy poker. I've got a cart here at the door. Here you whipper snapper, bring in that large trunk, will you?'

'But I repeat, sir, that you have no money to receive; I am sorry to say it.'

'So am I bloody sorry you should say it. But tell me, mister, will you count out that are money, or not?'

'I cannot.'

'Do you see this sledge-hammer?'—seizing his brawny fist.

'I see it.'

'Do you calculate to pay it in gold, or silver, or bank bills?'

'Here is some very strange mistake, sir; and if you will allow me to explain, I can convince you——'

'Very well—but if you don't convince me, you see this are death-maul,' again elevating his fist.

The lottery man entered into an explanation of the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at length succeeded in convincing his customer that his expected prize was actually a blank. Still the disappointment was so great that he could not bear it with a calm mind, and he exclaimed—

'Well, it this doesn't beat all my great grandmother's rations, then there's no snakes—to pay the sum of ten dollars for the highest prize, and not get a cent at last!"

'Such a thing will happen sometimes.'

'It's jobbed hard though, I'll be hanged if it aint. At least, mister, you ought to circumfund the money.'

'I can't afford that.'

'Well just pay the cartman then.'

'I am sorry to say I can't do it; but if you'll buy another ticket, I think I can promise you better luck next time—the highest prize is 30,000 dollars!'

'Thirty thousand dog rats! don't tell me none of your palaver—I've been cheated once and that's enough for me—I'll never get catched a second time. Here, cartman, you may load up this ere trunk again. I'll never trust these lottery sellers any more, if I do, dang my gizzard, that's all.' Then giving the broker a look of irreconcilable hatred, he left the office. He, however, very soon accommodated his mind again to his humble prospects—declared that houses, horses, and that sort of things, were only a plague to a man —and so to Tabitha Tollboy, she might go to Old Nick for him—tie'd never think of her again as long as he lived.

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

From Moore's Melodies.

There are sounds of mirth in the night air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown,
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come" in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in life's young season,
My heart had bounded at that sweet lay,
Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
If I should the syren call obey.

And see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;—
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To smile in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude counsel,
Thus quail at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his free born soul!

Thus says the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their letters around him cast,
And their laughing eyes the while concealing,
Led Liberty's hard their slave at last.
For the poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,*
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could'nt make from its base.

* The rocking stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their station.

From a North Caroline Paper.

OLD DAN. SHULER'S EVIDENCE.

This old gentleman was called in the case of State vs. John Yukely, tried a few days since in Davidson County, before Judge Martin. He was introduced to prove that John Shuler, the prosecutor, was a man of lawless character. We must premise that old Dan seemed literally overflowing with merriment from the beginning to the end of his story, and just as he concluded, the pent up energy of his laughter burst forth like the explosion of a small steam boiler: And if his Honor had been *strict to mark*, it would have been almost as injurious to the bye-standers as such an explosion, for undoubtedly, during a short time, they were oblivious to petit-jury contempt.

Counsel.—Well, Mr. Shuler, what do you know concerning John Shuler's character as a peaceable man or otherwise.

Dan.—(putting his hand lab nd his ear and turning to the Lawyer.) An?

C.—About John Shuler? Do you know his character?

D.—Well, I rat not know much about *Chon.*

D.—We want you to tell in particular what he once did to your family?

D.—Well, *Chon*, he vonce cum to my house and he axed his aunt to give him a tram. He aunt says oh no *Chon*, you ha've got enough already, and *Chon* says cum now aunt give me a tram, and she says oh no Chon, you have got enough already, and *Chon* says, cum now aunt, give me a tram, and he aunter tickled his aunt about the ankles mit his riding switch and laughed, and his aunt ver kicked at Chon and she laughed, and says, Chon I wont give you any, for you have got too much already; and then I send another gal sorter cum round the end of the *pearzer*, and my wife were out to where she was, and Chon, he ony made out into the *pearzer*, and then my wife and the tother gal went into the kitchen, and Chon he went too, and after a while, I hear a noise in the kitchen and something like leks, and I says to Mr. Yukely, dont you go way, for I cant's manage Chon, —but I dont know what took place in the kitchen unless Chon he wanted to hug the gal, (here Dan snorted as if imprisoned mirth was about to burst forth in over laughter.) Here a question was raised by the opposite counsel, whether such examination as this should proceed any further. The court observed that the counsel on each side seemed to have agreed to go into every matter, however remotely connected with the affair before the Court, and that was the reason he had not interfered long before. He thought that it was high time now, however, for these episodes to stop. On the assurance of Mr. Shuler's counsel, that the witness was just coming to the point, he was ordered to go on.

Dan.—(After a dead pause for some time, as if endeavoring to bring his scattered thoughts to a focus, he proceeded,) "Den Chon cum runnin out of the kitchen, & dat is all I knows, he! ha! ha!"

The best way to be Happy.—Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment, that will keep the mind active, and depend upon it this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Who are the poor? Are they the industrious? Those who labor, provided their gains are small, have generally a feeling of independence with that little akin to the rich man's treasures.

Who are the unhappy? Are they not those who are inactive, and sit still and tell us, if fortune had only thrown this and that in their way, that they should have been far happier?

It seems to me there is a great defect in the conduct of the unfortunate. If we are deprived of ordinary resources, instead of looking round and substituting other things, are we not prone to sit down and mourn what we have lost? This deadens the energies, kills the activity of our natures, and makes us useless drones, when we should be working bees.

Besides this, indolence sets fancy at work, and presently we imagine ourselves to be in a condition, that we are unfit to work. We get the habit of observing the changes in the wind, we feel our pulses, look at our tongue, and in a short time become regular dyspeptics. Industry then, preserves health as well as happiness.

A SUPERSTITIOUS MOTHER AND A GOOD NATURED PRIEST.

In "Melesoth, the Wanderer," is a conversation between a devout Spanish mother, who never was guilty of the sin of much *thinking*; and a kind of household priest, or *chaplain* to the family, who, provided he was well supplied with the comforts of life, and now and then a game of chess, cared very little whether the subjects of his charge thought much or thought not at all. It was just at the close of dinner when the conversation began.

Isidora, after a profound reverence to her mother and the priest, retired as usual to her apartment. Donna Clara turned to the confessor with a look that demanded to be answered.

"It is her hour for siesta," said the priest, helping himself to a bunch of grapes.

"No, father, no!" said Donna Clara, sadly; "her mind informs me she does not retire to sleep. She was, alas! too well accustomed to that burning delirium where she was lost in her infancy to feel the least apprehension should. No, she retires neither to pray nor to sleep, after the manner of Spanish women but I fear to—"

"To do what?" said the priest, with horror in his voice.

"*To think*, I fear," said Donna Clara, "for often I observe, on her return, the traces of tears on her face. I tremble, father, lest those tears be as seed for that heathen land, that region of Satan, where her youth was passed.

"I'll give her a penance," said Father Jose, "that will save her the trouble of shedding tears on the score of memory at least—these grapes are delicious."

"But father," pursued Donna Clara, with all the weak but restless anxiety of a superstitious mind, "though you have made me easy on that subject, I still am wretched. Oh, father, how she will talk sometimes! like a creature self-taught, that needed neither director nor confessor but her own heart."

"How!" exclaimed Father Jose, "need neither confessor nor director! almost to be heide herself."

"Oh, father," continued Donna Clara, "she will say things in her mild and unmeaning manner, that, armed with all my authority, I—"

"How—how is that?" said the priest, in a tone of severity, "does she deny any of the tenents of the holy Catholic Church?"

"No! no! no!" said the terrified Donna Clara, crossing herself.

"How then?"

"Why she speaks in a manner in which I never heard you, reverend father, or any of the reverend brethren, whom my devotion to the holy church has led me to hear, speak before. It is in vain that I tell her that true religion consists in hearing mass—in observing the fasts and vigils—in undergoing mortification and penance—in believing all the holy church teaches—and hating, detesting, abhorring, and execrating."

"Enough, daughter, enough," said Father Jose, "there can be no doubt of the orthodoxy of your creed?"

"I trust not, holy father," said the anxious Donna Clara.

"I were an infidel to doubt," interposed the priest; "I might as well deny this fruit to be exquisite, or this glass of Malaga to be worthy the table of his holiness the Pope, if he feasted all the cardinals. But now, daughter, as touching the supposed or apprehended delinquencies in Donna Isidora's creed?"

"Holy father, I have already explained my own religious sentiments."

"Yes—yes—we have had enough of them; now for your daughter's."

"She will sometimes say," said Donna Clara, bursting into tears, "she will say, but never till greatly urged, that religion ought to be a system whose spirit was universal love. Do you understand any thing of that, father?"

"Humph! humph!"

"That it must be something that bound all who professed it to habits of benevolence, gentleness, and humility, under every difference of creed and form."

"Father," said Donna Clara, a little piqued at the apparent indifference with which Father Jose listened to her communications, and resolved to rouse him by some terrific evidence of the truth of her suspicions, "Father, I've heard her dare to express a hope that the heretics in the train of the English Ambassador might be eventastingly——"

"Hush!—I must not hear such sounds, or it might be my duty to take severer notice of these lapses. However, daughter," continued Father Jose, "thus far will I venture for your consolation. As sure as this peach is in my hand—another if you please—and as sure as I shall finish this other glass of Malaga"—here a long pause attested the fulfilment of the pledge—"so sure"—and father Jose turned the inverted glass on the table. "Madonna Isidora has—has the elements of a Christian in her, however improbable it may seem to you—I swear to you by the habit I wear; for the rest, a little penance—I shall chide coaxder of it. And now daughter, when my son, Don Fernan, has finished his siesta—when there is no reason to suspect *him* of retiring to think—please to inform him I am ready to continue the game of chess which we commenced four months ago. I have pushed my pawn to the last square but one, and the next step gives me a queen."

"Has the game continued so long?" said Donna Clara.

"Long!" repeated the priest, "aye, and may continue much longer—we have never played more than three hours a day on an average."

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Tilling Orchards.—There are advantages and disadvantages in tilling an orchard. In tilled ground trees are the most vigorous and thrifty; and it seems to be in a measure necessary to plough a few years to give the young trees a start. Yet even at this period great care is required not to cut the roots with the plough. But when the trees have acquired six or eight years growth, and the roots become extended, still greater precaution is necessary, or the injury becomes serious. It is not altogether the large roots that are so liable to be cut, for these are often below the plough, but the innumerable fibres that spread in every direction, which escape the ploughman's notice, but which are literally the mouths that convey food to the plant. My practice has been, when an orchard is to be ploughed, to proceed first to dig the ground superficially with the spade, about the tree, two or three feet in breadth, and as many yards lengthwise of the furrows, so that there shall be no balk, and to run the plough shallow near the dug part; and where the orchard is in grass, to dig circles round the trees after harvest, both to cultivate growth, and to prevent injury in winter from moles. There is no less caution necessary in using the spade than the plough, to preserve the roots entire. It is a good practice to cut the grass close with a hoe, and then to strew rotten chip dung, it mixed with a little lime the better, about the tree.—*N. E. Far.*

SILKWORMS.

The young silkworms come out of their eggs about the end of April. If you think that the eggs will come out before there are any leaves on the mulberry trees, you must cut some suckers and put them into a bottle of water and keep it in a warm room, by which means they will bring forth leaves much earlier than otherwise. The smaller the number of eggs the greater (in proportion) will the number of cocoons be. Some of the cocoons must be kept for eggs. It is best to keep the light green cocoons for eggs and to choose an equal number of those which are hard at the ends and depressed in the middle, and those which are enlarged in the middle, for the former are males and the latter females. It is desirable to have an equal a number of the two as possible.

You must let the males and females pair for about six hours and then carefully separate them, upon which the females will immediately begin to lay their eggs.

If you wish to bring up a second brood, you may do it, but you must wait for a week or two after they are laid, and then hatch them gradually and feed them first on tender leaves, but notwithstanding all that may be done a great many will die, and those that live will not produce good cocoons.

There is always an excess of either males or females. If there is an excess of males, the surplus must be thrown away, but if there is an excess of females, males must be allotted to them that have paired before. But they must have coupled before only five hours instead of six. The small silkworms of three casts is the best. M. C. L.

Wonders of Chemistry.—Aquafortis and the air which we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen, and sugar, and spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical position, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Water is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion or burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than almost any thing in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium are formed of the same materials.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Rhubarb.—This is one of the many plants which a farmer may have in his garden, and which may be made to contribute to the delicacies of his table, and to the health and comfort of his family, with very little expense or labor. The plant is perennial, and resembles much in its habits the burdock, though the leaves and their stalks may be somewhat larger, in a good soil. A dozen plants will serve to supply a family. The leaf stocks are the parts used. The skin or cuticle is peeled off—they are then cut into quarter or half inch pieces, and used without further preparation, with sugar and spices, like unripe gooseberries, for pies and tarts, which fruit it very much resembles in flavor. It may be used in the spring, and till midsummer. Medical men ascribe to it a salutary influence upon health, particularly to children, when used in this way. The seed ripens about midsummer, at which time it may be sown.—*Cultivator.*

Substitute for Ringing Swine.—To prevent swine from digging in the soil, the best method is to cut the two tendons of their snouts with a sharp knife, about an inch and an half from the nose. This may be done with little pain, and no prejudice to the animal, when about two or three months old. The common practice of restraining them by rings fixed in their snouts is troublesome and painful; they must be sephered as often as they give way, and that happens so frequently, that rings afford but little security against the nuisance.—*London.*

Odoriferous substances offensive to Insects.—It is said that the common mint stewed among grain as it is stowed away in the barn, will preserve it from being injured by vermin! Camphor, when kept among bed cloths, will keep away bed bugs and fleas. From these circumstances, together with the fact that we do not recollect of having seen plants strongly odoriferous injured by insects, we are led to conclude that the farmers might be benefitted by turning their attention to the subject.

A Cheap Green Paint.—Take four pounds of Roman Vitrol, and pour upon it a tea kettle full of boiling water; when the vitriol is dissolved, add two pounds of pearl-ash, and stir the mixture well with a stick until the effervescence ceases; then add a quarter of a pound of pulverized yellow arsenic, and stir the whole together. Lay it on with a paint brush, and if the wall has not been painted before, two or three coats will be necessary. If a pea green be required, put in less, and if an apple green more, of the yellow arsenic. The cost of this paint is less than one fourth of oil color, and the beauty far superior.—*Yankee Farmer.*

Water Proof Varnish.—It simply consists of Seneca oil and gum elastic; one ounce of the latter to be cut into thin shreads and dissolved in a pint of the former, and when dissolved, which will be in a few days, the boots are to be completely saturated or charged with the mixture. The manner in which I have prepared my boots was as follows: I take a piece of sponge, and rub the mixture in until the leather will absorb no more of it; the boots are then laid by for a day or two, when the process is repeated. The *soles*, as well as the *uppers*, are to be thus rubbed, and the operation is to be performed either before the fire or in the sun. Since I have adopted this plan of treating my gunning boots I have never had a wet foot. It imparts an elastic pliancy to the leather, which, without the least exaggeration, would make one pair last as long as two which had not been so prepared.—*American Turf Register.*

A TABLE

To show at a glance the number of hills or plants contained in an acre of land, at any given distance from each other, from 40 feet by 40 to 1 foot by 1, omitting fractions.—*Albany Cultivator.*

feet.	feet.	pr ac.	feet.	feet.	pr acre.	feet.	feet.	pr acre.
40	by 40	27	8	by 7	777	3	by 3	4224
39	39	28	...	6	905	...	2	6545
38	38	30	...	5	1089	...	2	5184
37	37	31	...	4	1361	...	2	5808
36	36	33	...	3	1815	...	1	8712
35	35	35	...	2	2722	...	1	7744
34	34	37	...	1	5445	...	1	9272
33	33	40	7	7	889	...	1	11616
32	32	42	...	6	957	3	6	3555
31	31	45	...	6	1037	...	3	3829
30	30	48	...	5	1031	...	2	4148
29	29	51	...	5	1246	...	2	4523
28	28	55	...	4	1382	...	2	4928
27	27	59	...	4	1 55	...	2	5431
26	26	64	...	3	1777	...	2	6029
25	25	69	...	3	2 74	...	1	7111
24	24	75	...	2	2465	...	1	8227
23	23	82	...	2	3111	...	1	9656
22	22	90	...	2	4148	...	1	12445
21	21	98	...	1	6222	3	3	4484
20	20	108	6	6	020	1810	...	3	4848
...	19	145	...	5	6	1320	...	3	4672
...	18	134	...	5	0	1452	...	2	5361
...	17	435	...	4	6	1613	...	2	5956
19	19	121	...	4	4	1815	...	2	6721
...	15	193	...	3	6	2074	...	1	7658
...	14	222	...	3	6	2420	...	1	8935
...	13	258	...	3	6	2904	...	1	10722
18	18	134	...	2	6	3 64	...	1	13402
...	15	181	...	1	6	4840	3	6	4840
...	10	342	...	1	6	726	...	2	5228
...	5	484	5	6	5	0	1417	...	2	6	5808
17	17	150	...	5	0	1584	...	2	3	6453
...	15	178	...	4	6	1760	...	2	3	7260
...	14	256	...	4	0	1980	...	1	9	8297
...	5	312	...	3	6	2323	...	1	9	9680
16	16	170	...	3	6	2640	...	1	9	11021
...	14	223	...	4	0	2178	...	1	8	10560
...	13	275	...	3	6	2489	...	1	8	12672
...	5	682	...	2	0	2904	...	1	0	13840
15	15	227	...	2	6	3484	2	6	2	5808
...	13	295	...	2	6	4356	...	2	3	7744
...	5	870	...	1	6	5808	...	2	0	8712
14	14	312	...	1	6	8712	...	1	9	9954
...	12	363	4	6	4	8151	...	1	6	11616
...	5	720	...	2	6	4840	...	1	3	13939
...	11	360	...	2	6	2765	...	1	0	17424
13	13	223	...	2	6	3696	2	3	2	5654
...	5	792	...	2	6	3872	...	2	0	9680
12	12	453	...	2	6	4840	...	1	9	11062
...	11	684	...	1	6	6453	...	1	6	13940
...	5	344	...	1	6	8604	...	1	3	17424
...	7	622	4	6	4	3728	...	1	0	13939
...	6	726	...	3	9	2904	2	6	2	0	10890
...	5	871	...	2	6	3111	...	1	9	12445
...	4	1089	...	2	3	3359	...	1	6	14520
...	2	1452	...	2	0	3630	...	1	3	17424
9	9	2178	...	2	0	3960	...	1	0	21780
...	1	4356	...	1	6	4356	1	9	1	9	14223
...	9	537	...	2	3	4840	...	1	9	18576
...	8	653	...	2	0	5445	...	1	3	19913
...	7	691	...	1	9	6529	...	1	3	24454
...	6	908	...	1	6	7260	1	6	1	6	19360
...	5	908	...	1	3	8712	...	1	3	23232
...	4	1210	...	1	0	10890	...	1	0	29040
...	3	1613	3	9	3	0	3467	1	3	1	3	17878
...	2	2420	...	1	9	3	3	3118	...	1	0	31868
...	1	4840	...	1	3	3574	1	0	1	0	43560
8	8	680	...	1	0	3872					

A Farm for Sale,

SITUATED in Chester county, Pa., within the borough of West Chester, about one mile and a quarter of the Court house, adjoining land of Nathan H. Sharpless, Wm. Ingraham, and others, formerly the residence of Charles Mayer, Esq. containing 202 acres of land, about 6 acres of which is woodland, the remainder in a good state of cultivation, under good fences, a part of which is hedge fence, divided into convenient fields and well watered. The improvements are a good stone house, a frame barn, with stone stabling underneath, wagon house, and a stone spring house over a never-failing spring of excellent water—also other out-buildings. On the premises is a bearing orchard of Apple and other fruit trees. This Farm has been for the last few years occupied as a vegetable and milk farm, for which a market has at all times been at the door of the occupier.

For further particulars, apply to William Fawcett, No. 73 Cherry street, Philadelphia, or Benjamin Hayes, West Fallowfield, overseers of the estate of Mary Barton, deceased, or to JAMES WALTON, in West Chester, who will show the premises. may 2-6t

To Rent Low,

ALL that celebrated Tannery and House, with 8 acres of land, on Crum Creek, near Chester, Delaware county, Pa., known as the property of Jeremiah Mellvain, deceased. This property is in first rate order, consisting of 42 vats, 4 leaches, with cisterns and pumps attached, 2 limes and 1 pool, with plug to let out in Crum Creek, with plugs connected with the leaches and cisterns, also 3 fountain pumps—the whole pumping of the yard done by water power. Carrying about, during last year, sufficient to dry 1200 sides at a time. Bark House sufficient to store 250 cords of bark. Sufficient water and machinery to grind all the bark by water power. Bark can be landed within 150 yards of the premises. The house is large, 4 rooms on a floor, and a good out-building. Apply to SPENCER MELLVAIN,
may 2—3t* near Chester, Delaware Co. Pa.

Important to Ladies.

ROBERT RIGBY, 98 North Thirteenth street, Silk and Woollen Dyer and Finisher, (from London,) begs leave to inform the ladies of Philadelphia, that additional machinery and other improvements have been added to his establishment, for the purpose of facilitating the dressing and finishing of silk, satin, pongee and merino dresses, cloaks, &c. &c.; likewise crape, silk and fancy shawls, handkfs, &c.

Mattress shawls dyed the most fashionable colors, pongee dresses dyed, permanent brown, royal purple, &c. Family mourning dyed at the shortest notice—all of which is done and got up in the first style by experienced workmen.

P. S. It may not be generally known that the prices are much lower than at most other establishments in the city. may 14—2m

Matting and Carpeting.

The subscriber offers for sale, by the Piece or Yard,

4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Plain } MATTING.
4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Figured }

Ingrained,
Venitian,
Dutton, and
Rag } CARPETING.

Hearth Rugs, Window Blinds, Table Covers, Oil Cloths, Umbrellas and Parasols, with a general assortment of DRY GOODS.

SAML. TOWNSEND,
No. 48 Market street, 3rd door below 4th st. south side.
april 11—3t

Coal Grates and Fenders.

JAMES M. JACKSON, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the manufacture of the above articles, at No. 122 North Fifth street, west side, 8 doors above Race, where he has on hand, constantly on hand a variety of Grates of the latest patterns, for sale cheap for cash.

☞ A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.

N. B.—Black Lead, Rottenstone and Lasters of a superior quality for cleaning Grates and Stoves. ap 25 '35—1y

Looking Glasses,

At Auction Prices.

THE subscribers manufacture all kinds of Looking Glasses, with Gilt, Mahogany and Pine Frames, and sell them as low as at any other store in the city. Their ware rooms, Any size or description manufactured to order. Plates separate from the Frames,